



Starless & Bible Black
Starless & Bible Black

Overstuffed female vocals, unapologetic lyrics and dark choir for first song in this sophomore longplayer.

Label: SST



Silversun Pickups
The Silversun Pickups

The masterful singing, soaring solo for most tracks, slick rock and dark pop are the Silversun Pickups' trademark. This is their second record.

Label: Warner Bros.



The Yarnspunners
At The Mill

With its raw, folk-infused sound, this is a band that's been around for a long time. This is their first record.

Label: SST



Cut de Sals
Cut de Sals

Cut de Sals is a live performance of the band's live album, and a collection of songs recorded for the band's first record.

Label: SST



Jackie O'Motherfucker
America America

A collection of four songs, including the title track, which is a cover of the band's first single, "America America".

Label: SST



Vermin
A Day in the Life

First record in 10 years from this trio of Vermin. The band's first single, "A Day in the Life", is a cover of the band's first single, "A Day in the Life".

Label: SST



Backspacer
Backspacer

Backspacer is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Backspacer", is a cover of the band's first single, "Backspacer".

Label: SST



Vermin: The Silversun Pickups
The Silversun Pickups

The Silversun Pickups' first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "The Silversun Pickups", is a cover of the band's first single, "The Silversun Pickups".

Label: SST



Vermin
Kill the Member

Vermin's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Kill the Member", is a cover of the band's first single, "Kill the Member".

Label: SST



Rubino
Rubino

First record in 10 years from this trio of Rubino. The band's first single, "Rubino", is a cover of the band's first single, "Rubino".

Label: SST



Apas
Apas

Apas is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Apas", is a cover of the band's first single, "Apas".

Label: SST



Maniquella
Maniquella

Maniquella is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Maniquella", is a cover of the band's first single, "Maniquella".

Label: SST



Sharon Kraus/Meg Delehanty/Davey Lovell
Love from Off The Shelf

A collection of songs from the band's first record, "Love from Off The Shelf". The band's first single, "Love from Off The Shelf", is a cover of the band's first single, "Love from Off The Shelf".

Label: SST



Melvin
Melvin

Melvin is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Melvin", is a cover of the band's first single, "Melvin".

Label: SST



Little Sister
Little Sister

Little Sister is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Little Sister", is a cover of the band's first single, "Little Sister".

Label: SST



Cliche
Cliche

Cliche is the band's first record in 10 years. The band's first single, "Cliche", is a cover of the band's first single, "Cliche".

Label: SST

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The Wire Tapper 16

Your track by track guide to this month's free CD

01 **Daew** "Spaderhead (Green Rain)"
In his home studio in Kufwey, West Wales, Cerydwy Phillips makes his own music using an outdated software sequencer and a variety of instruments. "Spaderhead" is taken from his first album, *Colourlessweavey*.

02 **Dave Phillips** "Justice Is An Artifact Of Danton" (100re edit)
Swiss born Dave Phillips has been a member of the extreme sound/performance collective Schengisch Gruppe since 1989, along with Swiss producers Ruedi Ebner and John Lutz. With the latter he is a member of Sudden Infant. His *Collection Of Canine* CD documents various released and unreleased highlights from his work with *Revolving*. *Psychic Rally* and his own solo material using field recordings.

03 **Alan Vega** "13 Cresses, 36 Blunt Skulls" (edit)
Alan Vega achieved notoriety as half of the early electronic group Suicide, formed in 1971 with "instrumental" player Martin Rev in New York. Although notoriously feuding in about mid-80s, the duo remain one of that decade's most controversial and influential acts. Both musicians have experienced a renaissance since the 1980s, as well as reforming Suicide. Vega has gone on to work with *Personae* in NY, *Alan Chilton*, *the Doleak* and others. Their songs have been covered by everyone from *Grace Spaggiaro* to *Sonic Youth*. "13 Cresses, 36 Blunt Skulls" is taken from the forthcoming album *Suicide*.

04 **Celine** "Fort Brink (Rebels)"
Philip Borestein has been called "America's only all-around golden-age composer". After leaving his now served group *Phil N' The Sinks* during the 80s, he served as environmentally championing mayor of Springdale, Utah. More recently, his unusual sample based compositions have been appearing on the *Standard Issue*. This track is built from sampled sounds of geysering and the wace of Las Vegas also called *The Vermin*.

05 **Center Bell** "So Slow The Knife" (excerpt)
Chris Carter and Corey Fester, two self-proclaimed Throbbing Gristle with *Geometric P-Orridge* and *Peter Christopherson*. In 1975, since going alone as the duo *Chris & Casey* in 1981, they have released a stream of electronic music through independent labels like *Rough Trade*, *Play It Again Sam*, *Network* and *Wax Trax!* and their own *Company International* imprint. Now trading as *Center Tutz*, their *The First Weapons Of The Silver Ether* is due for release in 2007. "So Slow The Knife" features *Cooley* on bass.

06 **William H. Jones** "Skateboard"
Hailing from Kobe, Japan, Hiroshi Hara's phone acquisition from the emotional power of the sea, but as this track from his debut album *Ocean* displays, here also taken with the characteristic involvement of 20th century piano music, in particular *Beethoven's* piano sonatas.

07 **Walter & Sebina** "Pomelo Men"
Composed and produced by Walter Cordine and Stephen Moore, *The Dark Albam* is a concept piece that portrays the Danton descent of various characters into a hell. Fellow travellers on the record include *David Marshall*, *Maria Biko*, *Das Protokoll* and *The Walter & Sebina Group*, featuring *Calin Lu*, *Nana Gouache*, *Matthew Dungey*, *Dave Baby* and *Walter Cordine*.

08 **Xela** "Drank On Salt Water"
Xela is *Walter* born John Teells, a lover of travelling, exotic instruments and Indian horror movies. While still at school, he dabbled as a 6 guitar rock, but abandoned that approach in favour of an organic take on laptop music, which resulted in the 2003 album *For Frosty Mornings And Summer Nights (Plus Dugli)*. As co-owner of *Typo Records*, Teells has just issued a new album of muted electronics, *The Dead Sea*.

09 **Kate & Zvezlola** "Cool Eyes"
Kate (*Dreyfus Fedorovsk*) and *Zvezlola* are both active participants in *Ukraine's* digital arts and music scene. *Kate*, a former video and art artist, co-owns the *Neosound* label and produces the *Derek Zyulu* festival in Kiev, while *Zvezlola's* chafed electronics is anchored by her interest in collecting traditional *Ukrainian* songs and music from around her homeland. Like the rest of *Ukrainian*, "Cool Eyes" is improvised as well time; the duo are concerned with genuine shoulder-to-shoulder collaboration rather than distant flashing earshots.

10 **Personae** "Requiem"
The Finnish duo *Mike/Maria* and *Bjo Velho* have been harnessing the force of new technology together since teenage experiments in the late 80s in their home town of Turku. Rising to prominence around 1993 with minimalist releases on the *Silkk* label, the pair have become *Spunheads* for their generation of electronic producers, specialising in making tracks from the building blocks of new frequencies and vibrancy. They have also worked with the likes of *Alan Vega*, *Gjirka*, *Berry Anderson* and *Peaches*. "Requiem" is from their forthcoming album *Katashvaka*.



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15 Huntsville "The Aggression Of A Wise Child"
Free improvisers Ivan Crystalini (guitar) and Jagan Zeth (percussion) founded their Safe label in 2000. With bandlead Tanny Klaffen, they form the core of free music group No Spectacle Edition. Their Huntsville project provides a different outlet for the trio, in which they explore grooves, guitars and folk instruments such as banyo, pedal steel guitar, table machines and snub box.

12 Fluorescent Gray "A Penitent Shaven Sits Down To Rain: 389 On His Laptop"
Record Label Records is run by Robbie Martin from Northridge, California. Fluorescent Gray is his musical alter ego—the producers are usually disconnected via an underground network of online sources and CD-R releases. His work, a melting pot of custom-made schemes, surround sound field recording, patchwork video sampling and visual synthesizer art, has previously appeared on labels like RRR and Owingup. This is also a notorious sonic prankster, releasing a fake version of an Audiotex album and a rap parody of Carl.

13 Derek Bailey "Play 4"
By the time of his death aged 75 in December 2005, Derek Bailey was one of a small number of free musicers beyond question. As an artist who championed free music collaborations, one of his last co-performers was recording a series of solo improvisations commissioned by David Sylvian to sing over, three of which appeared on Sylvian's 2004 album *Silence*. As a tribute to Bailey, Sylvian's Emerald Sound label has issued his studio as *Play*, from which this track is lifted.

14 Tullipenaria "Same Old Song"
Tullipenaria are Cheryl Galloway (keyboards) and Tom Marney (guitar, bass, vocals), joined here by Rob Campbell on drums. Having already released one self-titled album on Sunnyside Records, they are currently putting the finishing touches to their second. A different version of this track will appear on an as yet untitled album at the beginning of 2007.

15 Dave Swartz "Radio Monkey"
Nathan's brother Dave Swartz is a new breed of free man band. He has put out his idiosyncratic home recordings on unusual formats such as 8" records and a new edited mini-CD, and for the past four years has worked in isolation after quitting his day job to concentrate on music full time. His latest *Radio Monkey* album is an organic blend of found sounds, various instruments and vocal samples.

16 Mike "Not My Country" (edit)
Mike is a three Decade from Brussels whose debut *A Hundred Dry Trees* elegantly combined guitars and guitars. Two years on, he has added fellow musicians Sophieanne Fackels (drums), Jane Paul Dancy (cello) and voice (Lena R. Bertson) and his own into the mix to create the featured song collection *The Sea Horse Londo*.

17 Gellone "The Orchids"
Reels And Crows is the fifth album by Gellone, the quartet formed by Tim Ruffin and Ben Simons from the base of their former group *Red Red Meat*. The new record arrives after a two-year break during which time the group members have worked on a number of film soundtrack and production projects. "The Orchids" is a cover of the Psychic TV song of the same name from the 1982 album *Devices Less Sweet*.

18 Inck-time "Take Care, B Pilgrim!" (edit)
Currently based in London, Australian musician Stefan Pencsek has already issued several releases on his own Lab imprint. Taken from *At The Moon Drive Water*—his second album for Static Caravan—this track is typical of the gently euphoric tone of his groove-based improvisations, folding in a trickling drum and some lovely synths.

19 White Magic "The Light"
Singer Mike Balata—the main pillar of White Magic—played with Quark's MC before launching White Magic with the *Through The Sun Door EP* (2004). *Our Road Mini Appear* features a host of underground musicians including Jim White (Dirty Three), Tim Barnes, Tim DeWitt (Gang Gang Dance), Samara Lubelski, Doug Sewe and others. The album's Latin beat roughly translates as *The Road Gives Money To The Sea*.

20 The Silks "Baritone"
The original incarnation of The Silks dates from 1996, when An-Up formed the group with Polinellio, Texas Pallett and Viv Albertine. Their debut-punk album *Cut*, produced by Dennis Dwyer, was one of the most influential of the post-punk era. This track comes from their second album, *The Return Of The Great Silks*, originally released in 1998 shortly before they disbanded. Following a long lay-off, An-Up and Pallett birthed a new line-up of the group in 2006.

21 Anthony Kelly is David Stalling
"Sometimes You Get A Tree"
Anthony Kelly (Dublin, Ireland) and David Stalling (Biodrum, Germany) have been collaborating since 2003, recording sonic "collaborations" and text from old associates and their vast collection of location recordings.

The *Wint* Super 10 is the latest volume in The *Wint*'s ongoing series of new music compilations. For details of previous volumes in the series, turn to page 80, and to check out with all copies of *The Wint* 204, December 2006. If you copy of the CD is missing or damaged, either return the magazine in which you bought it and get a replacement, or contact The *Wint* +44 (0)20 7432 0022, wint@thewint.co.uk



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BEST of 2006



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THE LITMUSOID



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CAT POWER
THE GREAT SILENCE



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THE BLUMPIES
MIDWINTER



GOOD
THING
TODAY



GUYAN PROULX
SUNFISH



THE HANDSTONE LAMENT
LAST DAYS OF WONDER



JOAN AS POLICE WOMAN
REAL LIFE



NERVE
TO THE B-GOODS



THE KITES
SHEEP TRAP



MACCHI
THE FIRST OF THE FOREST



PEACHES
IMPERIAL TRIP



RODRIGO Y GABRIELA
RODRIGO Y GABRIELA



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THE LITMUSOID



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Letters

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Just William

Just seen the Incredible Jukebox whilst, just again, Whitehouse is played. This time it was "Bad Fun" (The Wire 276). The Wire is a magazine that celebrates notes of jazz and expanded music indeed there is a level of experiment at the notion of sonic collaboration in much of The Wire's cover features. Not somewhere where Whitehouse are concerned, there is a self-generated playlist to the notion of a group or collaboration. Many current Wire features from Steve Stapleton to David Tibet, via Jim Thirlwell, have collaborated, performed or recorded with Whitehouse. Yet somehow Whitehouse still seems to sit beside it all in Whitehouse's plans that it is despite it as "dangerous", while many of his former collaborators have been criticised.

More interestingly, if Whitehouse are so dangerous, why keep playing them in Incredible Jukebox sessions? I can't help but feel that there's a sense of vicious listening going on; you get the thrill of listening to something "shocking" and yet realise what you believe is the mere high ground by condemning it. Such pseudo moralistic to argue clobbering would no place in our Incredible Jukebox. If you want to integrate an artist's attention or philosophy then ask the artist: don't try and persuade third parties to look about it.

I presume it is Whitehouse's lyrics that offend, but without engaging with their depth how can you discuss them as dangerous? While, no doubt, you view their work as violent or offensive, at the Why You Never Became A Dancer weekend, in which I started a panel with the group, it was made exceptionally clear that there was a huge range of references within each verse of one song, something that William explored in detail and often denied. Perhaps a more thorough extended engagement would be in order.

Finally, why is it most times more shocking and dangerous on a Whitehouse record cover than a Coil record cover (Love's Secret Domain), especially when both were criticised, I believe, by the same artist? **Jack Sangster** via email

Ghostly echo

In your November piece on Ghost Box (*The Wire* 276), Simon Reynolds says Billie Holiday Poly reissued the self-titled of the seminal horror writer Arthur Machen,

among a record after his story *The Willows*. The Willows is by that other comic horror writer Algernon Blackwood. Blackwood is good but Machen is far better. Join the Friends of Arthur Machen, alongside Mike & Smith and Julian Lloyd-Walker, at www.machen-memorial.co.uk. **Stewart Lee** via email

Have a little faith

Al Deneros of Dim is reported as wondering "I don't know what these God people are going to do" at a Current 93 concert (Invisible Jukebox: The Wire 276). Could it be that he actually said "these Gosh people"? So, the is a misinterpretation to link with the legendary "Ia quote Chien" for "to quote, often" at the Michael's Gas Interview a few years ago (*The Wire* 186). **Richard Rex Jones** Vienna, Austria

Good vibrations

Thank you for your article about Continuum in Dijon (*On Site*, The Wire 276). It's happy that the discoust event was in an international resonance. A true significant but understandable mistake slipped into your review. Consider the following as the outline is done to be respectfully useful for Elvira Radigue and/or her colleagues! The sounds on *On Site* which Elvira Radigue created for a Tona Museum gallery piece called *One More Night* in 1970, don't come from her ARP synthesiser, which she bought a year or so later, but from tape feedback. The mistake is easy to make, as the sounds really do resemble what she did later with the ARP. *On Site* is indeed intended to resonate from the walls; but there weren't "in hundreds" speakers inside the walls; only 12, four per amp, with three distinct pieces of different feedback running simultaneously, so you will always hear the same thing and never the same thing at the same time. By achieving the very basic 40 watt speakers to the metallic structure of the walls of the Continuum space in Dijon, we were able to make the entire wall vibrate. The low vibrations of Elvira's music were tremendous in this room. The sound seemed to come from everywhere: not from a specific location and space. There will never be a "definition" of *Le Dénouement* because – that was a mistake that found its way into the exhibition programme – by nature it's an open place. It was however the first time it had been presented as a sound installation. The sounds added to the original ARP concert, which

have to include the pre-recorded elements, water, air, fire, earth, were not recorded in this space, but extracted from field recordings of noise. Finally, the picture you used is not Elvira Radigue's *Le Dénouement*, but my own *Showerhead Collages* (this is you). Elvira doesn't share my enthusiasm for its shape and would probably be to put out as I am to see her name connected to my work. **Mark Hollibaugh** via email

Cain unable

Clearly Nick Cain isn't a fan of Kapote Music! Although you can wonder what he did learn from their 22 years recording career, otherwise he would not have done some observations at the review (See Matters, The Wire 276). The 1980 recording that Peter Dinklage remixed was made in the first Kapote Music workshop, rather than the first concert, which was in 1953. Although it's the 14th volume in a series, it has taken the format of 7", full length CD and 3" CDs, the first release in the series is actually from 1957. Lastly, Kapote Music is not defunct: their 100th concert will be on 13 January 2007 in Liverpool, Newcastle, The Netherlands, and they still consist of Peter Dinklage, Peter Dinklage and Peter Dinklage. **Peter Dinklage** via email

Give her a break

What's "replete" about Michael Grey identifying Dylanes as a little bit more "Just Like A Woman" as per *Phat Run*. The Wire 276? Is the Pope Catholic? It's after three. What woman or girl is he talking about properly? The last that climbed up a cliff with a broken leg in London to save her life? The women when you and her husband are killed in war and emergency? Hillary Clinton? Corbinella from *Margaret Thatcher's* *Laurenza Borelli*? Girls and women don't break, they're as hard as nails, they have to be, to get up with nuts like Dylan. **Gareth Davies** New South Wales, Australia

Continuum

Issue 273 Steelplant Soundsystems' Inner Sleeve should have been added to *Geen-Jan Pong* not *Geen-Jan Pong*. In Soundcheck, the *Wolf Eyes CD-R* reviewed should have been titled *Scraple Records* not *SP Single Art Sound*. Issue 273 in the *Onion Upon A Time* in *Shadowbox* feature, the photo on page 37 was of *Vide Rite*, not *Philip Brophy* as stated.

The Wire 276

In next month's issue (November 2007), the cover of the last 12 months is underground music, with 30 pages of charts (including the 50 records of the year) and reflections from writers and musicians on the highs and lows of the last year of alternative music activity.

The January 2007 issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 25 December.

www.thewire.co.uk

New artwork on *The Wire* site this month includes the archived transcript of Julian Cowley's interview with John Greaves, an audio session from Alan Licht's Incredible Jukebox interview with Mick Robert, MP3s by Heavymeter, Steve Mackey and Hiroko Higuchi, plus live sets recorded at *The Wire's* *Advances in Modern Music Festival* in Chicago.

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KILLER BONG

MOSCOW DUB

音察陀仏

権羅梵志



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Bitstream News and more from under the radar

All Tomorrow's Parties have announced that their first 2007 festival will be dubbed by **The Dirty Three**. The event will take place from 22-25 April at Rutland Holiday Camp in Maresfield. Arts confirmed that for include **Pete Dinklage**, **The Drones**, **Tina Turner**, **Paul McCartney**, **Nick Cave**, **Grinderman** and **The Dirty Three** themselves. www.thedirtythree.com

The aforementioned **Grinderman** are a new group made up of **Cave** and **Black Bad Seeds** members – **Wendie Ollis**, **Martyo Casey** and **Jon Sclavovics** – whose music is described as “an individual, young trio... re-creates the demons of each musician's past, the inebriate proselytising of Birthday Party's **Nick Cave**, the late 70s New York No Wave noise wisdom, Casey's onerous triphasic bass reverie, plus Cave's evocative guitar soundtrack work and his teenage love of **Black Sabbath**.” Their album is out in March. If you can't wait, check out “No Pussy Blues” at www.myspace.com/grinderman www.mute.com



Herbie Hancock has just released **Live At LACE**, the legendary 1975 noise album by **Airways**, the group made up of Los Angeles Free Music Society members **Joe and Rick Patton**, **Tam Reich**, **Chip Chipman**, **Dennis Quirk**, **Vette McGill** and **June Gomez**. **Live At LACE** was included in **The Cover Form Of Music**, the first CD LPMS retrospective released by **Corbett Foundation** and **RRR** in 1986. **Airways** disbanded in 1979 but reform in 1998 for a one-off performance in an 18 piece incarnation including artist and musician **Mike Kelling**, which **Corbett Foundation** released as **Beyond The Rock Live CD**. www.herbiehancosound.org

Nike have commissioned **LCD Soundystems** s **James Murphy** to write music for gym workouts. The resulting track is called **45-30** and, as the title implies, it runs for 45 minutes 30 seconds. “The idea, to make a long piece of music that would be an exercise for running, appealed to me because it was so esoteric to what you typically asked to do as an artist: make easily digestible lumps of music for albums, or the radio, or whatever,” **Murphy** explained. “I’d been thinking of the records I love in which



LCD Soundystems

people made one “song” that took up the entire LP and making that listening something like this would otherwise be a virtual impossibility for me, I became excited when the project came along.” The track is available from iTunes. **LCD Soundystems** will also release a new album in March 2007 which they will support with a 17 date tour of the UK and Europe. www.lcdsoundystems.com

Eastside Neubauten launch their first concert DVD with a special screening at **London ICA** on 14 December. Called **Polst Der Republik**, it is a mostly composed of concert footage from a November 2004 performance in and with the **Polst Der Republik**, the former Parliament building of East Germany (since torn down), for which the group were joined by a choir of 199 supporters. www.neubauten.org

A compilation of rare and unreliable **Sonic Youth** tracks, called **The Destroyed Room: 8-Side And Remixes**, will be released on 12 December from **Griffin**. Assembled by **Trunkman Moore** and **Lee Resnick**, the collection is culled from 8 sides, compilations and international editions of **Sonic Youth** releases. Other SY news: **Kim Gordon**'s multimedia project **Perfect Partner** had its US premiere on 27 October in New Jersey. **Moore** is also working on a new solo album, and he and **Gordon** have collaborated on an artwork featured in **Muse's A Better Noise**, an exhibition currently showing at New York Gallery **PS1's Contemporary Art Center**. www.sonicyouth.com

New Zealand musician **Alister Gailbreath** has been awarded a 2006 **Laureate Award** by the **Arts Foundation of New Zealand**. Each of the five recipients receives **NZ\$50,000** (about £16,000). In monetary terms the **Laureate** awards are New Zealand's largest arts prize pool and are the country's only non-government private sector art award.

In other Antipodean awards news, Australian trio **The Medics** 2006 release **Chemist** has won an **ARIA** for best jazz album. Recognising “excellence and innovation across all genres of Australian music”, the **ARIA** awards are bestowed annually. The judges praised the group's “unique blend of jazz, ambient and trance”. www.aria.com.au

El-P's forthcoming solo album, the follow-up to 2002's **Parklife Damage**, is called **IV Sleep When You're Dead**, and is scheduled for March 2007 release on **Def Jax**. It will feature collaborations with **Avenged Sevenfold**, **Mr. Lee**, **Therapy?**, **Yo La Tengo**, **James McNew** and **Cat Power**, among others. **El-P** is also working on the second **Gonzo! On** album, which he hopes will be released “in the fourth quarter of next year”. www.definitivejazz.net

London's **Sonic Arts Network** have released the eighth instalment in their CD/booklet series. Curated by writer/director, stand-up comedian and film contributor **Stewart Lee**, **The Topography Of Choice** is “a journey through chance elements that traverse countries and cities that range from the **Golden Heights** to **Arizona** and from **Hollywood** to **Rome**”, inspired by **Lee's** encounter with a large portrait of **Plutarch** artist **Ernst Wilhelm** being floated down a river in **Genève** in 1884. The CD includes tracks from **Grant Sand**, **Jon Rose**, **Rodd Kemp**, **Derek Bailey**, **Evan Parker**, and a recording of **The Falls**. **Mark E. Smith** reading the football results on **BBC radio 5**. www.sonicartsnetwork.org



Stewart Lee

Sonic Arts Network are also calling for commission proposals, submissions and papers for their annual **Ego** event, scheduled to take place on the weekend of 22-25 June 2007. Described as “the hub and playground of the experimental music and sound art scene in the UK and beyond”, **Ego** will host a mixture of performances, exhibitions and presentations in a variety of venues in Plymouth. A festival commission of £4000 for a new work is also an offer. www.sonicartsnetwork.org/egopost



Wine

In January Pink Flag will release two live albums by **Wine** as a double CD: *Live At The Ritz, London (April 1st & 2nd 1977)* and *Live At CBGB Theater, New York (July 19th 1978)* have previously been available only as bootlegs, though both were included in the 2006 box set *Wine 1977-1979*, released in the US only. The Ritz concert took place at the short-lived punk venue five months before Wine's Pink Flag debut, and the CBGB gig was part of the group's first US tour, shortly before they started work on their second album, *Chairs Missing*. Both releases feature sleeveboxes by Wine's Colin Newman: www.jntfing.com

In April 2007 *Firehouse 12* will release an **Anthony Braxton** box set. Comprising nine CDs and a DVD, the set is made up of material from Braxton's week-long residency at New York's Indian Jazz Club in March 2006, and documents the world premiere of nine Braxton compositions: www.firehouse12.com

US imprint Gingko Press have published **Moxy**, a hardcover collection of artwork by **Lightning Bolt** drummer Brian Chippendale. The book collates an 80-page graphic novel, along with Chippendale's artwork for Lightning Bolt posters and album sleeves: www.ginkgopress.com, www.blastart.com

Seattle label **Light In The Attic** have released *Wishbone*, a rare 1971 LP by reggae keyboardist **Jackie Mittoo**, as part of their *Jamaican To Toronto* series – the only he released to in 1989. Mittoo became famous as the keyboard player for The Skatalites, and recorded extensively for Clement 'Cousin' Dodd's Studio One label. This is the first time the album has been released, and the label describe it as Mittoo 'does, wern hello kass to his adopted nation': www.lightinthattic.net

Nancy Allen, who played drums in New York No Wave group **Mera**, died following heart surgery on 17 September. Allen also worked as sculptor, exhibiting contemporary artworks in the 70s and producing a series of glass works in the early 80s.

The Astor-Lenox group's **Peast 9m**, *Nobody Knows If It Ever Happened*, will premiere at London ICA on 1 December (see On Screen). The film documents the group's infamous December 1996 gig at London venue the Garage. The screening doubles as the launch of both *Peast: Stretch Out Time 1970-75* Andy Weiss's book about the group (see Print Run), and a triple CD and DVD box set of new *Peast* material released by the Diner Productions label, recorded on their autumn 2006 tour of the UK. *Peast* will also perform on 8 December at London's Croydon Studios, as part of the venue's *Earfest 2006* event. A new *Peast* album will be released in 2007: www.earfest.co.uk, www.ica.org.uk, www.fruit-piegs.com, www.dinner.co.uk, www.astorlenox.com

In April and May 2007 London's Tate Modern gallery will host a **Tony Conrad** project, curated by Nick Webber. Though it's still in the planning stages, Webber has confirmed that it will run for nine or ten days. It will incorporate an installation and will commence with a performance in the western mezzanine, the Turbine Hall, on Saturday 28 April. Conrad will also give a lecture at

the London College of Communication, and lead a workshop on 'extreme processing' at the new here film laboratory: www.ica.org.uk/modern

Anybody who couldn't make it to Glasgow's *Install* festival in October (see On Location) needn't despair – recordings of all performances can be downloaded free from the Install Website, including sets by The Bohemian Brothers, Jackwer and the duo of Kip Hines and Tony Conrad. You can also view photos of the event, upload your own and comment on theirs, and download behind the scenes Resonance FM radio shows. By the end of November, commissioned experimental films shot at the festival will also be available online: www.install.org.uk/installive



The Bohemian Brothers

Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



Arrested obsolescence

By Philip Sherburne

When a duo name themselves Reanimator, you know that stretched notions of time are up for grabs; all the more so when, with analogue drum machines and vintage test tape generators as their tools of choice, they go plugging together a skeletal version of Techno (its retrograde logic), driving blueprints for washed, primitive noise. On their debut CD *Special Powers*, an album that's almost never heard, electronic music's futurist fever doesn't seem beset by a past covered with rust and its melodies, from a debut but largely forgotten past.

With obvious echoes of Pensees's metallic rhythms and plaintive oscillators, *Special Powers* is a reminder of the time before software (or even MIDI itself) might be supreme, when electric noise exploration, and not flow-filling functionality, was the order of the day. Clunky and stark, the album is full of glitch and hidden passageways left for disc jockeys, it's a Winchester Mystery House whose walls telltale faint oscillators between Tobey's 4/4 whooping and the quickened pulse of the uncanny.

Members Don Godwin and Joel Jackson met in Portland, Oregon, in the late '80s, where they played at punk outlets and shared a house with a vibrant underground community. Both were scraping by with low-paid day jobs, while spending most of their time hammering at a morose collection of vintage drum machines and obsolete electronic novelties. "The great thing about Portland is that every house has a basement," says Godwin, "so you can throw parties and not worry the neighbors."

Inspiration came from all over: Hopping freight trains across the US, Jackson would return bearing copies of Aphex Twin and *Julius Kniere* records. Friends in Beaverton turned Godwin on to Pensees. Dub filters like a laboratory mist throughout the music's tangled gears. "We would spend almost all our downtime off work just experimenting in the basement," says Godwin. "Tapping things in and trying out sounds." A test-tube generator, which he had brought to his home-nook park grove in his home-built studio, served as the primary melodic element, with its pitch controlled by hand and ear.

In keeping with the Portland underground's DIY ethos, they picked up recycled quartz-wind tape from a used-art supply store. At 50 cents a reel, they could afford to experiment, poking away at the interlocking pieces of tape until the composition gelled. Several times, the tape itself played a ghastly noise. Of one using that weird tape on *Special Powers*, Godwin says: "There was some sort of sponge on the tape. The song starts off with a three-minute lead, and then it goes into this swampy mist that sounds like a box fan that's broken and raring really slow, and then it emerges right before the end of the song, so it sounds almost momentary."

Then Portland never really had much of an experimental Techno scene, hardly nurtured. In hindsight, it probably frustrated the duo's mooring impulse, leaving no attention to make it to market. "Pensees's an obscure reference," says Godwin, "and I totally don't want being called out on that, because I love their music. They represented something to me that isn't often pursued in almost any music. I think people are often tempted to take things in the direction of mainstream pop music, or totally aggressive noise. But I'm not thinking about either of those, much of the time. I really like focusing on rhythm and more unconventional tones."

"While there'd be maybe one machine dictating the tempo," he continues, "that machine just got out of control in the mix. So there's this decentralized aspect as opposed to the whole laptop mentality, with one mind reigning over the whole thing. We would make sure that the tempos were aligned on the machines and then just let them run."

By now Reanimator's—there were suggestions by a noted HP LiveWire fan they worked alongside at a restaurant—were playing a few shows, but tinkering their projects to a live context proved difficult. The problem, confesses Godwin, is "the learning curve of having a set-up that's a result of improvisation, and then adapting all the cables and taking it to a live set-up where there's a producer and a rock band waiting for you. It was hard."

While on the road, Godwin fell for a warehouse space in New Orleans. He left for Louisiana, and Jackson, disenchanted with Portland, headed for North Carolina, where he purchased land as part of a rural collective that builds its own homes out of pile-it-matter and trees they fell themselves. It's impossible to overstate the environmentalist impulse behind Reanimator's ethos of repurposed obsolescence: In their various groves, both musicians travel in vans converted to run on recycled vegetable oil, which Godwin describes as "green touring"—a deeply American idea, given the nation's vast reserves of discarded fryer waste.

Godwin was out of town when Hurricane Katrina hit waste in New Orleans, but his house and his greater stock disappeared under rising feet of water. Fortunately, his various projects, tapes and bedbug CD-Rs endured only minor water damage. Returning to New York, Godwin began reuniting the Reanimator archive. Compiling takes after take of cassettes, rumbles and blips, he was struck by what he describes as "a profound appreciation of the things that make it through" a disaster.

He emailed tracks to former Portland housemate Paul Dekaw, aka Strategy, the founder of the Community Library label, who expressed interest in releasing the material. For now, Reanimator has on only in the resulting *Special Powers* CD and a limited 12-release, but Godwin is pursuing their voice in *Impractical Copcat*, which adds to Reanimator's machines the sounds of guitars, keyboards, turntables, tape steel and more. Jackson is still a touring member, and the two have discussed reviving the Reanimator duo, time and geography permitting. In the meantime, both play in local marching bands, part of a loose movement of exiled fans outfitting spring-up series in the US. With Godwin's helmet tape—purchased from a *Deadhead* musician on eBay—clung around his neck, it's impossible not to see it as a neural extension of Reanimator's repurposed circuitry and scavenged coding of life's another blast from the past, reminding a different kind of futurism, a twisted organism that still gleams, stinks, grows and ails. *Special Powers* is out now on Community Library.

Reanimator's Don Godwin (left) and Joel Jackson



Reanimator

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Tokyo labourer's blues

By Alan Cummings

Hisato Higuchi



Shinjuku in Tokyo: Hisato Higuchi

"I suppose that you could perhaps call my music the Tokyo labourer's blues," muses guitarist Hisato Higuchi. "Day after day I finish my work, crawl back to my room alone and, with that tiny reservoir of energy I have left, I pick up my guitar and sing." But Higuchi's blues have little to do with the driving industrial rhythms of Chicago, the constant motion of railroad, clattering conveyor belts, tunnelled sweat and belching black smoke. Perhaps there is a closer link with the invisible, crested grey class of day labourers who peel the concrete and lay the bricks that built Japan's economic miracle, ignored and despised by politicians and the mainstream media, and whose most famous artistic representation comes in 1966 Japanese folkie Nobuo Araya's *Osabiyashi's* hymn to their lifestyle, "Senryu Blues".

While Higuchi may never have worked on building sites, there's definitely a palpable quality of late-night, sleep-deprived desperation in his first recorded urban ballads, vividly apparent in his low-key new album *Dialogue* (Family Vineyard). These are barely filled against protesting teeth and whetted words, scornily formed upon a quantity of the particular, brittle exhaustion of the modern service economy. Part of the so-called *freeter* generation (the young under-employed who refuse to join the corporate ratrace out of necessity or choice), Higuchi notes a weary tangle of unfulfilling jobs – "bookstore, music shops, cafes, laptop shoe pubs, office cleaning, dark driver". It's a constant struggle with disorientation and hopelessness, but as he remarks, "My physical state isn't, of course, the lack of time are both real issues for me!" And there's a sense that the daily difficulties are intrinsic to the music he's now making.

Originally from Nagoya, Higuchi came up to Tokyo after high school to join a puppet theatre troupe. However, after a mental and physical breakdown, he left the troupe. He had first learnt guitar in his teens, but music became most important to him when he abandoned one world of wood and strings for another

Three years ago in 2000 he released his first EP, *Shin*, on his own label One's Disc. It's still a beguiling listen, the soft strum and quiet wails of his long-travelled vocals on strings a core of uneasy pleasure that is an occasion strikingly permitted by fructose electronics and fuzz guitar that seems to wash in as an unseen dimension aside. The haunted stillness in the core of the music is like a storm system where when Higuchi rolls off descriptive listening like Curtis Mayfield, Mike Davis, Robert Wyatt, Chris Baker, John Gilberto, The Velvet Underground and more recent icons Christine Center, Ai Aze and Richard Youngs. Perhaps the closest Western musical analogy is with the discotic but bluesy tools of Loree Canner, evocative moaners requiems for the forgotten urban histories of immigrant NYC. Alongside the stillness, there's an entrancing sense of precision in the cinematic use of overdubbing and vocal close-ups. It's no surprise when Higuchi mentions a long-held obsession with film, particularly those works that attempt to express isolation and the ghostly sense of invisible life outside form. He cites *Billie Jean* portrait and unflinching observer of interior isolation Philippe Garrel as a particular favourite.

Like Garrel's Parisian Cammer's New York, Higuchi's music is equally of the city. For his follow up, the live album *2008 11 2008*, he created a photographic cover of a nocturnal cityscape, the blurred lights of rabby high-rise buildings seen from a distance under a starless sky, suggesting a sense of isolation of one solitary human living witnessing the equally weighted lives of others, the only possible connection those mediated through technology. An anonymous Japanese tale on urban alienation is the tale of a man who leaves his home and, becoming housebound, realises even from their own families. Higuchi confirms that the idea of loneliness occupies a central place in his concerns. "Not just humans, but every living thing is alone," he states boldly. "No matter how happy the environment you might find yourself

in, solitude is always present, even when you're sharing time with someone you love. In fact love itself depends upon solitude. Whether you're happy or unhappy or somewhere in between, everyone is alone. My playing is born out of feeling alone, or out of finding an overwhelming sense of solitude." Accordingly, while Higuchi primarily plays solo, the live album contains muted contributions on a couple of tracks by Yoshitaka Suzuki on drums and Seidōfumi Sugan on trumpet. In a telling note, Higuchi mentions that Suzuki's samples were all taken from *Shin*, the guitarist tapped into a heated dialogue with the audible noise of his own past. The result is not accidental or pure, rather, it aims at the evocation of sensation, a special engagement with the listener's nervous system mediated through music.

While Higuchi is unusually open about his feelings of isolation, he proves much more cryptic on the question of ghosts. The word is present in the name of his label, but also an echo of his albums to date in track titles like "ghosts/ghost" on *Shin* and "Sense No Uta" ("The Anna O Ghost") on *Dialogue*. So important is the idea to him that the new album was originally going to be called *Down No Uta*. While he adamantly denies that he has any interest in the mystical, Higuchi still contends that he is not talking about spirits in any figurative or metaphorical way. "For the ghosts are an absolutely material issue," he asserts. "The 'dialogue' of the new album's title must be read as a kind of channeling of the unseen, the use of music to invoke the invisible. 'We're like ghost, apart and separate persons, have special meanings for me,' he indicates," and they were very important as *Dialogue*. But they are difficult, and indeed terrible things for me to talk about in words. They are things that cannot be verbalised. I cannot speak of them, but I can express them through music." □ *Dialogue* is out now on Family Vineyard



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The Beat goes on By Andy Hamilton

Fame, goddess of fame, is described at the beginning of Book XII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* as living at the world's centre – for the Greeks this was a flat Earth at centre – at a place "where every voice reaches listening ears." At the global listening house for the dissemination of hearing, there are "repeating voices, doubling what it hears... no peace... And yet no noise, but muted murmurings like waves of noise far distant sea." Her eerie world of murmuring voices is the leitmotif of Furrer, Vienna-based composer Beat Furrer's latest avant-garde music theatre project: in the foreground is the trauma of Freudian *Das*, the *Speaker* whose inner monologue we hear – this is the character from Viennese playwright Arthur Schnitzler's *Freudian Das*, "an unfathomable intersection of an individual in crisis." *Das* is victim of a society in which all needs of life have become a commercial product, Furrer explains over the phone from Vienna, in a brief stopover between engagements.

Born in Switzerland in 1966, Furrer is one of Europe's leading composers of the modernist avant-garde, yet his music has been little heard in the UK. As a student, Furrer moved to Vienna to study with Roman Haubenstock Rattus – a fairly accidental move which turned out very happily. "The most important thing I learned from him is not to stretch for the new in the quality of the material, but in a new way of thinking – to stretch for new forms, mobile forms, for contexts," Furrer explains. This was a way of rediscovering the sounds of traditional instruments. "Composers use instruments that we did not invent – I did not invent the cello, or the piano – but each of us has to rediscover these sounds. This was very important for Haubenstock-Rattus."

At that time the scene in Vienna was very conservative. Ironically, given its status as the centre of modernism, by the 1980s only Haubenstock-

Ratten and Friedrich Cerha – the composer who had completed Berg's opera *Lulu* – represented the avant-garde. "The music of Serial, Xenakis, Morton Feldman – who was also very important for me – Ligeti, Messiaen, Nono, was not performed at all. There was an ensemble called *Das Neue*, founded by Cerha, but he stopped around this time," says Furrer. In response, in 1986 he founded the New Music ensemble Klangforum Wien, now one of the Europe's leading avant-garde chamber ensembles – they appear with Peter Vokabelen Stuttgart in the *Kinos* recording of *Fame*. "In the early 80s the atmosphere in Vienna changed a lot," Furrer comments. "Now it's very lively, there are composers like Bernhard Lang, Georg Friedrich Haas, Olga Neuwirth, HK Gruber, Wolfgang Mitterer..."

Furrer, however, is clear that his is modernism, at least in the sense that he rejects the post-modernist assumption that modernism is something in the past. But he disagrees with the modernist idea of technological progress. "In art there is no progress," he asserts. "Art has to say something about our time, our world. It's impossible to write today in the style of Mitterer – yet if you listen to Mitterer today, you see how modern he still is." Fame shows Furrer a growing interest in general diffusion, which comes from Italian modernist Luigi Nono more than from Stockhausen, he argues. "I wanted this impression like 'Theatre – listening theatre' – where the sound itself is part of the experience. Till recently I worked in my music theatre mostly with amplification. Then I wanted to work without – not because of ideological misanth, but I think very often we use amplification if the acoustic is not perfect, but we should use amplification, microphones and loudspeakers as more like instruments."

The very refined and subtle soundworld which he creates in *Fame* is enhanced by a unique auditorium

with contrasting reflecting and absorbent surfaces. "With an acoustic I tried to construct a flexible space, without amplification or electronics, where it is possible to have a full sound of the small orchestra, and also keep the energy of intimate sounds of solo instruments," Furrer explains. In the recording just issued on Kinoo, he considers it's very difficult to get the difference between very distant and very near sounds. He thinks they did a good job, using Kamikof microphones, a recording system originally designed for headphones listening but which never caught on commercially.

I ask how the concept behind *Fame* connects with Pierre Schaeffer's concept of the "acoustical" – of experiencing sounds as diverted from their physical source. "I have to say I'm not as familiar with his ideas," he says. "But of course this idea of musique concrète is important, especially when developed later in Helmut Lachenmann's music concrete *Instrumentelle*."

Furrer has also written extensively in acoustical, chamber and symphonic areas – *Nano*, his concerto for two pianos and orchestra, was premiered in 1996; he has a *Piano Concerto* for the WDR Göttersheim, and a work for Ensemble Intercontemporain upcoming. However, music theatre is central in his output. *Fame* is his fifth piece of music theatre. *Die Wälder* [The Wood Men] was premiered in 1998, followed later by *Regimento* and *Incendence*. In these works Furrer mixes the voice created in a very particular way. "I always ask 'How is it possible to move from the spoken word, and its sound quality, to singing?'" he concludes. "That's why I use different languages – and in *Fame*, I never used German for the singing. German is always spoken. I always start from the sound of the spoken language." ☐ Fame is not now on Kinoo

Beat Furrer



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A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: Chris Sharp travels to Ethiopia and is baptised into the ecstatic flow of Tigrayan music in Addis Ababa and beyond



Wedding ritual at the Grand Hotel, Addis Ababa

I'm not an instinctively adventurous traveller, but I had wanted to visit Ethiopia for a long time. The country had captivated my imagination, sending out signals through a variety of sources – Charles Nichols's recent (in *Somebody Else's* of Arthur Rimbaud's post-poetry prose), a sprint gunnaring between Addis and what was then Asmara, the *Highland Times* film, *Endless Walkways*, the relative history of the Ark of the Covenant in the house life and shadowy violent death of Emperor Haile Selassie, the taste of the injera and its wit at Merkato restaurant on London's Colindale Road; the unexpected images – for a country traditionally associated with aridity and famine – of vertiginous mountains carpeted in wild flowers.

And one of the most extensive, of course, was Ethiopian music. Some years ago, John Demerille of The Muzium Gots gave me a CD from the up-flooding *Choropos* series of collaborations around the Rude Museum in Paris. It was a glimpse of a whole new musical language, one which blended a knowing, Addis exotica with mesmerising sub-Saharan rhythms, one which soaked up Western tunes – from jazz, funk, even Italian folk ballads – but managed to remain completely distinctive. Hooked, I had started picking up more and more of these releases. And although this trip was a holiday, not a musicalological expedition, I went hoping to encounter at least some Ethiopian music in its natural environment.

Things didn't look like promising as I weaved into the dusty, polluted streets of Addis Ababa for the first time. A legion of shoe-shine boys is squatting in the shade beneath the colossal emblem of the national football stadium opposite the hotel; they're dwarfed by a 30-metre high poster of Jennifer Lopez. We're older Ethiopians I spoke to during my stay were dispirited by the creeping influence of Western culture on the younger generation, certain to judge by the number of beaniebag T-shirts on display, 50 Cent rinks even higher than Wayne Rooney in their affections. And much modern Ethiopian pop music, as recorded by the grande dame of the form, Aster Aweke (now resident in the US), is slickly produced and relatively wordless. But that doesn't mean that its practitioners are universally blind. Later this day my friend Misraam tells me about Tadda Aho, whose two albums of African-Soviet reggae-lite have been immensely successful in

Ethiopia. He asked – and obtained – his popularity by doing to release a song that covered the controversial (and, according to the EU electoral commission, corrupt) elections of 2005, favouring official repression, but too has now returned to America.

But even if their taste has been mollified by outside influence, there's no denying, or even avoiding, Ethiopia's passion for music and for dancing. Sounds pour forth everywhere in Addis Ababa, spilling out in clashing waves from street kiosks and rising giddily from minibus roof-mounted speakers. I was there in mid-September, just as the rainy season was skittering to a gradual halt, and although I was frequently directed by unexpected squalls, this shift in the weather meant that the wedding season was getting underway. The Ghion Hotel gardens were overrun by jubilant bands of drummers in colour-coordinated robes who danced out countless, sinuous polyrhythms, while the guests launched into improvised call-and-response chants, giggling and grinning as they formed a eulimantic song to elate their way around the flower beds.

The mood is similarly exuberant at the Habesha restaurant on a Saturday night, the tiny tables crisscrossed with stylish Addis residents scooping up kirda and making substantial croissants into bottles of St George's beer and Johnny Walker Red Label. On a small stage in the front of the room, the house band are swinging through a succession of gemmy performance (a single by a well-known Ethiopian pop star, a single by a well-known Ethiopian pop star), vocals and intricate percussion patterns. A succession of dancers dart in and out through the kitchen doors, and I see for the first time the striking – flickering shoulder-to-shoulder chest-to-chest of Ethiopian dancing. The group are working their way through a central survey of regional music styles, but most of the selections are lost on me – except when Misraam leans over to say, "This is the Tigrayan beat." Music from Tigray – the province which borders Eritrea in the north of Ethiopia – is universally popular. As reggae, hip-hop, and techno is at its most unrecognisable and gaudily addictive.

A couple of nights later, we're wandering through the deserted evening streets of Gondar, looking for a bar. Eventually we part the thick curtains hanging over the doorway of one of the few places which still

has the lights on and find ourselves in a small room. There are cushions strewn over the dirt floor and benches around the walls. Interest rises from a small oval fire. The only other customers are a few Ethiopians couple holding hands in one of the dark corners, but that doesn't seem to bother the musician player, the drummer or the singer who move in modest circles around the room, performing songs that resound with intricate rhythms. We are treated to personal shoulder dance, repeatedly the singer takes my hands and tries to pull me onto my feet – when I acquiesce it makes a clumsy attempt to mimic her movements, the rest of the room is convulsed with laughter. More locals arrive and suddenly this is a party. Another singer takes the floor and starts to improvise lyrics, taking names and suggestions from the swelling crowd and weaving them into the song – judging by the rapturous approval of the audience, their party of twenty hummer in what she sings. And when we are sent to Ethiopia, an off-the-wall love affair with music seemed to be blossoming. People clattered eagerly around the beaded leather crates on sale in David's chaotic, muddy market square, eagerly going over photo-slips (I have an unruly herd of goats and sheep brushed past). We stumbled on a beater's "little of the beads" in a church left in ruins – the audience sitting straight-backed in cement benches during the immediate announcements and changeovers, then during forward in motion to dinner with unbridled enthusiasm when the modern Tigrayan music finally started to flow. Even the few monks we saw – solemn processions of white-robed novices extended under multicoloured garlands – were accompanied by public musical performances, with solemn chants and muted chanting.

But a cramped and luxurious bar in Lalibela – equalling in the shadows of the moonlight rock-hewn churches which have made the town famous – was larger in the memory. At the end of a body day celebrating the festival of Meskel, there a barely room to stand. The drums in pumped up and laughter is ringing out as an armed soldier wanders in. Instantly the volume is lowered and he starts to play, copying, lifting, memory melodies from the single gait of a few of the men. As we, everyone in the room joins in, belting out the repeated refrain with unabashed pleasure – and, inevitably, the dancing starts again. ☐

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Antony & The Johnsons perform live in New York, 2004

With a background in Merce Cunningham's dance company, film maker **Charles Atlas**'s work spans collaborations with Michael Clark, Diamanda Galás and, most recently, Antony. By Louise Gray

If you were to draw an imaginary line across the lower tip of Manhattan, running from Merce Cunningham's dance studio on the west side to the clubs and alternative performance spaces on the east, then you'd trace a rough trajectory of the places that Charles Atlas has focused his career on. This isn't to suggest that the film maker, originally from St Louis, Missouri ("Not a good place to have a scene like *Charles Atlas*," says his sister, who's, let's be honest, a bit spiteful but clearly relishing the expense of a small piece of real estate. But that imaginary line—it would be critically wrong to say that it isn't from high to low art—connects much of what Atlas has created, in an extraordinary slight of hand. His film works flow from the dance film *Hed* *The New Yorker* (2005-06) with choreographer Michael Clark to the Sane Youth Had in *Put Blood In The Music* (2008), a documentary about New York's music scene, to the prize-winning documentary *Merce Cunningham A Lifetime Of Dance* (2008), with plenty of other work in between—Diamanda Galás, choreographers Kerola Amstrong and DANCECROSS and most recently, Antony & The Johnsons.

"Sharp, contemporary performance is what interests me and I'm always looking for more," Atlas says. In over 30 years of filming, Atlas has found his inspiration in the pure aesthetics of Cunningham choreography as much as such performances by Leigh Bowery and drag artists John Kelly, Tibbolet and Hepi Pinner in alternative venues in New York and London. Occasionally, as in *Hed* *The New Yorker*, the players and the people collide, where—apart from a soundtrack provided by The Fall, Steve Buscemi and Bruce Gilbert—Clark and his company interact with Bowery and various personnel from his notoriously narrative club, Tebo. (A young Greyson Perry, pre-transgressive and pre-Turner Prize, even makes an appearance.) And the sheer range of these interests is evidenced by Atlas's recent London schedule. Flying in at day lighting for the revival at Lincoln's Hall homage to *The Art of Spying*, *Moon*, Stevenage Project Part 2 at the Barbican, Atlas has also just had a film retrospective at Tate Modern and a video art project—*London Performed*—at the White Gallery, in which off-the-street participants ("We aren't real show-offs," he states) are asked to be both seen and filmed, with the results mixed up live by Atlas and projected into the gallery, and two sold-out performances of *Turning*, a new show devised with Antony & The Johnsons, also at the Barbican.

Atlas had first encountered Antony Hagartry ten years previously at a New York club with his Black Lips group. "He sorts did a Gorka version of 'The Star Spangled Banner' reading the words off his arm—which I thought was a joke, but it wasn't"—and was immediately convinced. For *Turning*, which premiered in Brooklyn in 2004, Atlas and Hagartry filmed 15 made, all friends from New York, including Cunningham's former bodyguard and DJ Henry Dubs, the latter one of several transgender performers. Atlas was two cameras to film Hagartry of their heads as they stand on stage on a rotating platform, and then, from his station at the side of the stage, uses a computer to process the images and project them onto a large screen behind the musicians. At various points, Atlas superimposes slightly focused images of flowers and jewels over their faces. The visuals change only at the end, when Hagartry sings "You Are My Sister" and a video of Merce Cunningham's NYC queer artist The Johnsons are inserted after, shot by performance artist Lois Weaver in 1989. "Antony wanted to ask people what he thought represented the spirit of his music," Atlas says, "as the bar-up is all female, the movement is towards the female. It's live and it's different every time."

These diverse projects are linked by a common denominator: their shared base in movement, music and film, and it's a career that began under the auspices of Merce Cunningham and John Cage in 1972 when Atlas was 14. "I started very young with Cunningham. It was a great honor and I was lucky. I had been the stage manager of this off-off Broadway show and one of the performers there was David Vaughan, minimalist to Merce Cunningham's Dance Company. David told me they were looking for an assistant stage manager. I didn't know anything about dance and the only dance I'd been to that I loved was Cunningham's. I said he did anything, so I became their assistant stage manager in 1984. John [Cage] said this, because video had just come in: 'Oh, Merce, you can make videos and then you can stop moving. You can just send the movie out.' John wasn't as crazy about leaving. Merce asked me to collaborate with him on a video. I had done a few Super8 and 16mm films at that point, so I filmed video from a book, then I taught it to Merce. That's how it started."

Their collaboration was tightly anchored, with every act figured out before it was shot, music was

added afterwards. "Music in film can be as strong as dictating of what you do," Atlas says. "Dance is a little less so. You can have phrases, you can have lines with the film, it's not so essential." It was an important period, preoccupied with some of the most influential pioneer multimedia artists—Cage and David Tudor, obviously, but also experimental director and Fluxus member Nam June Paik, who incorporated experimental segments from Atlas's *Atlas Studio: Five Segments* (1974) into his own *Moon By Moon By Paik* (1978). Atlas's involvement for his Cunningham-Cage classical experience, very much a training ground as control, to much an interest. Periodically, it's his work subsequent to leaving the company in 1985 that demonstrates his progress towards a Cagean aesthetic.

The live video work of *Turning* and *Antony & The Johnsons*, says Atlas, enabled him to become a performer—a role he never saw himself as—at his own sight. It's also led him into the most Cagean territory so far. "I leave them out lots of ways that people perceive live electronic performance, but for me it was a feeling of control and the excitement of not exactly knowing and letting something happen. Knowing myself, I have a feeling that this is probably a period that will develop into something else, where I digest and bring it back. That said, I feel such a novice about putting myself out there as a live performer when I know all these people who've been doing it for years."

His site opened up new territory for him: he taught art Christian Pinet after leaving his music and went back to working with him next year. But it is in this relinquishing of control that Atlas now sees a link with his days as Cunningham's film maker. "It's interesting, seeing as I started with John Cage and David Tudor, and not understanding what they were doing, especially David, with all the bells on the table and these weird vibrations.... Now I finally understand what they were doing, creating electronics and moving live and making things that they don't control and making something out of that. I always knew it was both art and tech, but we were different, but with the same spirit. I live video processing and mixing this is what I'm pursuing. I do something where it's not just live cameras, it's live music, improvisation and prepared clips." □ Instant Pinet showed this month at London's White Gold was *White Gold* com. Teach started Leigh Bowery, now at PBT, New York, until 5 January. www.pbt.org



Charles Atlas

Invisible Jukebox Marc Ribot

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on — with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Alan Licht. Photography: Michael Schmelling

Born in 1954 in Newark, New Jersey, guitarist Marc Ribot is a rare example of a versatile and virtuoso musician with an affinity for experimentation and punk intensity. He moved to New York in 1976, after studying with the Haitian Frantz Casseus, whose music for classical guitar he later recorded. He cut his teeth playing with organist Jack McDuff and soul vocal legend Wilson Pickett, all the while playing in different punk and No Wave-inflected rock and soul groups. Joining The Lounge Lizards in 1984, he subsequently became a sought-after session player for major label performers like Tom Waits (notably appearing on *Rain Dogs*, *Big Time*, *Frank's Wild Years*, *Mule Variations* and *Real Gone!*), Elvis Costello, Marianne Faithfull and T-Bone Burnett.

By the early 90s he had also become John Zorn's guitar player of choice. He has worked extensively with Zorn in group projects like *Electric Masada*, and albums and compositions such as *The Gift*, *The Book Of David*, *Krista/Nacht* and *Bar Kokhba*, as well as on numerous soundtrack recordings. Zorn's vision of "Radical Jewish Culture" inspired his blistering group

Shrek (song titles included "Yo I Killed Your God"). He has also worked with likeminded figures in the downtown nexus between pop and experimentation such as Arto Lindsay, Medek, Martin S. Wood, Chocolate Genus and Cibo Matto.

Ribot's solo efforts include the eccentric rock/jazz ensemble Rootless Cosmopolitans (with clarinetist Don Byron and keyboardist Anthony Coleman); his current jamming rock trio Cosmic Dog (with drummer Ches Smith and bassist Shahzad Ismaili); his critically acclaimed and crowd-pleasing Los Cubaneros Postizos, which centered on the music of Cuban composer and performer Arsenio Rodríguez (with Coleman again and percussionist Roberto Rodríguez); another tribute project, to Albert Ayler, *Spiritual Unity* (with trumpeter Roy Campbell Jr. and Ayler bassist Henry Grimes); and sparse but cosmopolitan solo guitar albums like *Salets* (2001) and *Don't Blame Me* (1995) on which he tackles standards, show tunes, free jazz numbers, and Beatles songs alike with aplomb. The Jukebox took place at Ribot's home in Brooklyn.

Albert Ayler

"Holy Family"

FROM *SPRITS AYLER* (TOP EASE) 1965

(Obviously) Albert Ayler is in from the box set [Holy (Ostia on Revisited)?]

It's from *Spirits Aylar*. Obviously you've recorded a lot of Albert's material over the years, an solo records and more recently with your *Spiritual Unity* group. Why were you drawn to Ayler's work?

I had heard Albert Ayler, but as far as the last 15 or 20 years go, it began with the *Revelations* Cosmopolitans. I was working these tunes that were kind of ecstatic, and Anthony Coleman said, "You should listen to Albert Ayler, because his sounds like Albert Ayler." So I started listening, and among the first things I listened to was *Bells*, the live at Slugs (no—actually Town Hall) recording, and I thought, "Oh, now I get it." So I went to it because I was already going to that disc. What I liked about it was there was a lot going on, but he managed to do it all without the kind of complex harmonies that are associated with jazz. So I felt there was a translation possible between his kind of free jazz language and a kind of punk rock.

What's interesting about that is that all the original punk guys like Tom Verlaine, Larry Kray and Robert Quine were listening to Albert Ayler.

Robert Quine gave me the cassette copy of the *Live LPI* *Swing Low Sweet Spiritual*, and Quine was the

one who pointed out to me the amazingness of Henry Dimes bass playing on that record. Quine considered that to be the most extraordinarily bass playing he ever heard. I don't think any people in the audience took this—many of the time at Verlaine or Richard Hall—went back and made the same connection, but the players were certainly listening to free jazz, and it gave them and all of us who followed permission to do what was done. I know you played in soul groups—can you relate that to Ayler also?

There's a connection between R&B playing and free jazz. Ornette [Coleman], for example, played in R&B bands, and spent some time with bebop, obviously, but there's kind of a skip between R&B and free jazz. I think free jazz is an attempt to get the emotional intensity generated in a certain level of R&B club, on a good night, by other means. One of the songs in that Ayler box set is by Amiri Baraka, who says that Ayler's records never completely capture the way his horn sounded when you were in the room with him. Is that something you've experienced also, where the recording doesn't capture the way it sounded?

What I would say is not captured isn't only the sound; there's a total element to the music which is not reproducible, and which is not only to do with sound, but to do with the idea that something is going on in the room. I draw a difference between

records that are created as perfect aesthetic objects, and ones that are more like artifacts of an experience. Like Albert Ayler's records: then they are polished aesthetic objects. What you're getting in a reissue, or a proof of something happening, is their room at that time. So it's like indirectly participating in a ritual. That's why the live recordings, on which clearly the sound of the horn is not what it would have been if they'd done a great studio recording, are so powerful as the studio recordings.

The Golden Palominos "Omaha"

FROM *PSYCHE* (TOP EASE) 1995

[Vocal comes in] OK, Moby Grape

The song is Moby Grape's "Do you know who's doing this version?" It's 30 years after Moby Grape

Only 20 years? Well, they own a sampler... and know how to use it. I've heard this before. [During guitar solo] The guitar playing is great, it sounds like Quine. It's actually Henry Krieger, with The Golden Palominos. OK. OK. That makes perfect sense, sounds like Anton (Licht's drummer).

Was Moby a group you were aware of at the time? I know you later recorded with Lou Reed and Syd Straw.

Mr. Reed. I had the record where Syd played a more prominent role, and I heard the other one. Yeah, I had The Golden Palominos. It seems there was a



certain moment when people thought pop beats were gonna come out of the East Village [laughs]. That was a beautiful dream, it was a dream some of us had. That kind of simpler use, that kind of mix, entered pop music through alternative channels, through dance restaurants, through hip-hop, more than it did through downtown experiments, in the end. **You've worked with musicians like Tom Waits and Elvis Costello. Was that in your mind all along, to work in pop situations as well as more experimental ones?** Yeah, absolutely. It was in my mind to be a guitarist, and when I got to New York, I understood that had to mean knowing what Fred Firth and Arno Lindsey and Jerome Blaud Unger were up to as well as a whole lot of other people who weren't guitar players.

Lydia Lunch

"A Cruen To The Moon"

FROM *GUTS OF SLAM* (JUN 1992)

Any idea?

Woefully Mingus-y arrangement. Trying to think who the guitarist would be. Firth? I can't imagine who it would be.

It's Guine.

That's Guine? How could I have never heard that recording?

It's Lydia Lunch's *Guts of Slam*, he's on a few cuts on that record.

That's amazing. Well, it makes [laughs]. **When did you actually meet Robert Guine? Was it on Tom Waits's *Rain Dogs* or did you already know him?** Now that I know he's Guine I can tell you what I was going to say — it sounds so [and it could be me! I met Guine through Zorn — we were both on *Rain Dogs* but we were not in the studio at the same time. The first recording we did was on a Japanese TV show that Zorn had written the score for. He had us sitting across from each other and a lot of it was rock stuff, and we got along really well as a rhythm section. I was mostly playing chords and he was mostly soloing. We just hung out a bit. He used to show me a lot of records. This recording is exciting. The place that it exists — a recording of Guine playing over a jazz rhythm section, because that's how he used to practice.

Really?

Yeah, yeah, he used to practice over these fairly mainstream jazz records. Nobody ever recorded it.

Giacinto Scuderi

"Ko Tha"

FROM *STANDARD SOUL* (JAN PRINCE SOUND 1992)

Oh, is that the Giacinto Scuderi piece? Yeah, I actually have the music for it in the office room — so you'd think I would have recognized it sooner [laughs]. **What inspired you to record your Tardik CD *Scuderi*?** Moving in 2007.

I'm a big fan of Giacinto Scuderi — I don't know if people know it, but there's a letter with the improvisers. He composed by improvising on a well-sounding electric organ and then the pieces were later transcribed. I was writing a dance piece and one of the pieces came out sounding like a Scuderi piece. I called the record *Scuderi Memento* — it was supposed to be a joke [thought would appeal to the few who had both Giacinto Scuderi and John Mitchell, which is to say it would appeal to nobody].

Derek Bailey/George Lewis/John Zorn

"The Warring Truck"

FROM *CONCRETE* (JULY/AUG 2002)

Is that Zorn and [Liam] Staley?

Different transience player.

George Lewis?

Right, that's *Yankovic*, the record with Derek Bailey. How did you meet Zorn?

I first met him on an airplane on a flight to Tokyo.

I remember he was sitting a sandwich from the Carnegie Deli, because he had airplane food caused jetlag. I'd been to a Zorn gig or two, but the first time I worked with him was at the same T-1 recording session, where I met Guine.

Are there things from that working relationship you're especially fond of?

I've learned a lot from working with Zorn. He's one of the only composers who's as deep inside the guitar as all composers are expected to be with the violin. And there's no excuse for that, because guitars are much closer than violins — I mean, come on, that shit is over! What he's done is minutely observed how Eugene Chadbourne or Derek Bailey play, and codified that into a language that you can write on guitar. So I've learned intended techniques that I didn't know when I recorded *Slam*. Of *Slam* (Zorn's set of 36 studies for solo guitar, composed in 1993, which Robert recorded in 1995). I have some recordings about the decision that the whole *Slam* [Zorn's] *Muse* thing took, but it stayed a lot of good writing as Zorn's part and the last movement of *Knowledge* is a long guitar section, and people assume that that was improvised, but in fact it was composed — it was made two lines of instructions that got that effect.

This is a deep past that you're played, because George Lewis and Zorn are both working composers, and one of the things that makes the piece so deep is that you have them providing elements of form and Derek working around that. All three are working as a true post-rock jazz.

Bailey was originally a jazz guitarist who turned around and said, "I'm not playing tunes, or changes, or riffs." You're someone who has still been playing songs throughout your career, and I know you admire Derek — I'm wondering about how you reconciled playing songs with the influence of his aesthetic.

I think Derek Bailey was an artist who advanced his aesthetic — who had an understanding of music, and the history of guitars, and composed the next step in that history. I'm a guitarist who believes in being the artist, and that means I want to know what Derek Bailey was up to. But I'm also basically a studio whore and I'm kind of proud of it, and I'm not always working as an artist. Often I'm working for other artists and for other composers, but even within my work that's not just musician work. As an artist, I don't have the ambition to advance history in the same way. I just want to find better. It's more of a John Cage understanding of the way things move forward than it is a John Cage understanding. I'm not a religious free improviser. It's something I like to do. My interests are a lot closer to pop than Derek's were, or Zorn's —

Or George Lewis's?

Or George Lewis's, or a lot of the other people we've been talking about. I'm interested in music whether it's live improvised or it's pop, where it feels as if anything could happen at the next moment. Another thing that's my deeper interest, I'm interested in music with Guine, no matter what its form. **Which translates as?**

I'm going to refer you to Federico Garcia Lorca's poem *On Guitars* — I think it translates as a certain type of chatterbox, but a lot more — it has something to do with death also.

Charlie Haden

"Circus 88, 88"

FROM *LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA* (DELPUP 1) 1970

That's how it goes.

It's Charlie Haden.

Oh, The Liberation Orchestra, yeah.

On the version of "Song For Clio" on that record — a song by Carlos Puebla, recorded in Cuba, superimposed on top of it. Can you talk a bit about how The Cuban Postures project happened?

If you took all the things you played so far and tried to find a common thread, what you'd find is a bunch of people looking for a different way to move music forward without using harmonic development. In the classic sense, as the music. The Cuban thing, like rock 'n' roll, didn't develop in the jazz sense, or





complex harmonic development – it was about having a lot of sections, rhythmic bends, different atmospheres, textures. To me there is a way to make that in the studio itself. The New York musician Roy Newman started doing projects with Coda Ray's New Music Distribution Service in the early 80s, where Malcom and Cuban musicians played alongside not only Jack Bruce but also Ario Lindberg and Anton Fier, and The Golden Palominos then grew out of that... so there's this whole kind of cross-pollination going on, but very specific to New York. It came like Postcard was something else in that continuum.

Yeah, that's right. I saw that as march into a specifically New York sound. It was very much in my mind to make a downtown band. There were more about ways I could have gone than playing the music of Cuban son montuno musicians (Arcaño Rodríguez I liked what Arcaño was doing on this [album]). I heard right away that this guy was a major player, the rhythmic authority was incredible. He was like a Chuck Berry but from a different side of the Caribbean. There's a lot of Cuban and Latin influence in early rock, and rock that came from CBGBs. Willy DeVille was somebody on the early CBGBs scene that seems like he was pretty influenced by Joe Bonamici and the boogaloo band that was part of that scene. A lot of rockers of that time took a lot from Willy DeVille, and a different urban general culture, but it came from somewhere. All guitars know, at least part Ray Doge. But per Ray Doge too, if you get a certain kind of vaguely exotic sound and play Cuban kind of stuff, people will like it. That's cool, but exactly why? Most of it is not acknowledged, not given the

same of specific bands or composers. Where does it come from? And Arcaño is part of the answer.

The whole Liberation Music Orchestra record is politically oriented, and this track in particular is inspired by a riot on the floor of the 1988 Democratic Convention. You're someone who's very engaged in the musician's labor union and other political issues, but I don't think your music is ever "political." I'm assuming you were never singing to the end of the 1980s?

[Phew!] That was over by the time I was 75, let's put it that way. We covered [Mina Fenné & Janice Quesada's] "Good And Beautiful" a couple of times, did a radio version of that, but the angry thing at kind of overtook. The postmodern was not only wide in its music (in doing juxtapositions and with cutting and keep), it was also vibrant in the way that baseline is important, and the expectations and self image and the actual practices of the way musicians work. I'm interested in the work of art, when do musicians get paid, when do they not get paid, what their desires are, whether they're met or not, and if not, why not? If they were in the past, which I changed? Most people take three things as obvious, the fact that 30 years ago in certain scenes musicians were unknown and they're not now, because that was then and this is now. I have no illusions that a modern form of unionism could be placed over the issues as we know them, but I think the questions are interesting to ask and to take seriously. OK, we accept that the old forms won't work, what forms will? And if none will, is it really because musicians don't care about those things any more? I have my doubts about that.

Ry Cooder

"How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live?"

FROM *AN OCEAN* (WARNER BROS.) 1170

I've heard it too... I don't know who this is.

It's Ry Cooder, playing an old Alfred Reed song.

Yeah, you ever hear that?

Yeah, it's a funny story. You see, guitarists tend not to meet other guitarists. Because either they're gonna call one for the session or they're gonna call the other, they're not gonna end both, you know? But we worked with a bunch of the same people. Like Tlaine Burnett. I was playing with The Postcard in this studio station in LA and we went down a live broadcast, and Ry Cooder and his son were riding down the highway not too far from the station and they heard it and drove there, and when we finished playing I saw they were [laughs].

Was he an influence? I don't know if people have compared the two of you, but if you look at what Ry has done on sessions with Captain Beefheart and on Randy Newman and The Stones early on, and then doing soundtrack work and things where he's taking different ethnic musical styles and rock and seeing where they connect, I think it makes sense. Yeah, I could see that, thanks for saying that. When I started The Postcard, about the time we were playing our first gigs and getting signed, someone told me, "Ry's got a Cuban project and they're recording right now," and later that [Rosa Vera Sound Club] went on to become an orchestra. So we had that version in the same time. Also we were both fans of Billie Holiday's "Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground".

I think that had to have been an influence in his. Plus, there were some things they play in the score, but the style is an influence in the underscore. He got a lot of cool stuff way before I did [laughs], by the time I got into it they had become expensive. And probably was a whole lot of their styles before I did the same kind of research into it.

But certainly he doesn't go far in the way beyond some, or even the peak thing. He comes from the West Coast, and there's been historically a difference between the West Coast and the East Coast, and I think a lot of the cause of that is that we're closer to Europe. When we had here was a lot more European influenced than East. It's easier for us to get to there, in terms of time and money, and that slight difference. I think helped accentuate the southeast difference. Who knows, maybe me and Ry Cooder are doing things [laughs], maybe we're the same genre but subject to different external conditions.

Did you ever consider moving to LA to do more session work?

Right now? Tlaine Burnett is the only producer calling me regularly to do sessions in LA, and that's not that regular. Last week we recorded in Nashville actually [laughs]. I did a record Tlaine is doing with – get that – Robert Plant and Alison Krauss. They're both great. I had a blast.

Which?

I have no idea how it is going to turn out, but it was one hell of a week. ☐



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More than 30 years after blowing the roof off
The Stooges' Fun House, saxophonist Steve Mackay
has descended to Earth bearing two solo albums
Words: Edwin Pouncey Photography: Norma Cordeva

"Several years ago I was in a particular frame of mind," recalls The Stooges' saxophone player Steve Mackay down the phone from his home in San Francisco, describing how he found the title for his debut solo album *Michigan And Arizona*. "I went out on to the porch, looked up at the stars and said out loud, 'Where are you from?' Somewhere a voice replied, 'You are from Michigan and Arizona.' I read that as meaning: OK! You're a good ol' boy, but you're also an alien. It obviously had to be the title of the album."

Just as San An proclaimed to him from *Stooges* Mackay evidently believes his music is extraterrestrial in origin. More than three decades after The Stooges' Fun House era, he has just released his first two headlining albums, the aforementioned *Michigan And Arizona* and *Tunnel Drives*, both of which have elements of cosmic electronic music as well as free jazz modalities, a combination that brings both his high-energy rock set technique and visionary improvisational skills to the fore. On "Voyage To Atlantis," from Italian label Glaxo's *Tunnel Drives* (in completion of live recordings made with the Redon Ensemble in America and Europe), Mackay's mix of traditional jazz structure and electronic elements especially begins to sound like nothing was on the planet. Recorded at URMobius, in Marseille, France, the adrenalin rush of his live playing gets caught up in a light mesh of electronic grind and hummed, looping sounds that makes it sound as though he has been beamed on-stage at a Wolf Creek gig.

Edited by Redon comic Scott McQuiggan, *Tunnel Drives* is meticulously crafted sampling of Mackay's new desires in jazz and beyond. "There is stuff like that in there," he admits, "and me as some delays. I had a sampler going for a while. There's put together in a way that makes it fairly dense, while still giving it a unified sound."

Steve Mackay's music will forever be linked to his session work on The Stooges. *Fun House* (their second and last) album for Glaxo—where the addition of his mother hen playing an "808" and particularly "LA Blues" gave an extra dimension to their raw-powered Detroit rock detonations.

"That's what we always called the 'hippy ending' for *Fun House*," he muses when reminded of his contribution to the closing "LA Blues," where the group unleash an improvised contest of squealing feedback and Fire Music set heaving, with Iggy's drowned voice howling at the same mark as a cell phone ringing down. "That's when the guitarists and bass player would turn their amps up to 70, give their instrument a good whack and leave them on top of the amplifiers. The drummer's done, I'm done and we're writing offstage. Meanwhile the amplifiers are screaming and Pop is out crowd surfing in the middle of the audience with a microphone on a long lead. He started all that shit."

The saxophonist was recalled with The Stooges when they informed in 2003 to take *Fun House* out on the road. Since then they have become a fully

active touring and recording group. "There's a new album in the works and I'm going to be on a couple of the songs," he reveals. "It looks like my job with The Stooges is still fairly secure because Iggy Pop is always going to want to do *Fun House*. As it turned out, that was the biggest selling of four he new studio, and one of the reasons for that was because I was playing on it."

Iggy first invited Mackay to join The Stooges after seeing him play in Detroit with Carmel Kitchen, a fourteen-year-old group that grew out of the late 60s Detroit rock scene. "Carmel Kitchen started in 1964 and we played our first gig in '69," he recalls. "It started out with just me and a drummer friend of mine. Before that I played in a blues band called Elmore Sunshine and an R&B band called The Changing Rhinoceros Of Soul. Didi wanted to sign us, but they already had a band called Rhinoceros and the rest of the band didn't want to change the name. We could have got a record deal if we hadn't been so stubborn."

Carmel Kitchen came together as a reaction to that early disappointment, where a local radio station adopted that allowed participants from the audience to invade their performances. "We started out with saxophone and drums and then it was sort of like 'Tom Sawyer' gets the fence with the Pig Power of Hammer or something," laughs Mackay. "We would play gigs and everybody would show up to play with us. There was no particular setlist, the performance would go on for 45 minutes, sometimes even longer, and then people would sit up and listen. I will take a break, the people would bring gifts, and then we'd go back up and look there off their seats."

When Mackay returned to Carmel Kitchen after the *Fun House* sessions, the group presented him with an ultimatum. "They said, 'If you come back now we're not going to do what we were doing before. First off we're not playing any more benefits for the White Panthers. Secondly, we're going to play just covers. I agreed and we learned a whole bunch of get cover songs and ended up doing a recording of that. We were doing stuff like Coltrane, popular R&B of the time, obscure pop albums and stuff. I still have a seriously elusive copy of it somewhere."

Mackay took the Carmel Kitchen concept with him when he moved from Ann Arbor to San Francisco in 1977, eventually kick-starting the group back into action in 1993 with some friends from his Detroit days. "We played some club dates and that's when we started playing in original songs," he says. "That was another version after that, and another one was just my solo. If I do it again maybe I'll bring it back as Carmel Kitchen II."

Since leaving Carmel Kitchen on the back burner, Mackay has become one of the most important contributors to The Redon Collective, a touring and recording project describing itself as being "a diverse cross-section of oddities from the American and European underground." Redon was responsible for bringing Mackay back from the dead. In his 2000 biography *Blue Power* Iggy &

The Stooges rock photographer Nick Rock reported that Mackay had died from a drug overdose in 1975. "I said, 'Shit, that's why the phone hasn't been ringing for so long,'" quipped Mackay, after Redon had tracked him down to inform him of his premature demise. At the same time they invited him to join them and record for their label. The information about Michigan And Arizona album is the result.

"I believe that I wasn't very active," Mackay confesses, "but a friend of mine called Louis Dobbins (from Alaska) to Charles Fenwick, introduced him to Redon and called Lupoarrell and so I went and played with them a couple of times."

This led to Mackay jamming with the sax player for Tangle Of Don Mein, another Redon related group, who befriended Mackay and got him back on the road. "They ended up flying me to Portugal where we did a mini-tour," he says. "It was pretty exciting for me because there was my name on the poster. We did an interview with a guy there and at one point he asked us, 'What songs are you going to play?' I said, 'Well, I know what some of us are going to play, but since we don't even know what the titles are yet. We usually make the titles up later if we want to keep them. Later somebody slipped him, or he willingly took some psychedelics. When the show was over he was like, 'Wow! This is the greatest thing I have ever seen!'"

Portland collective Sinagra, who also have Redon connections, invited Mackay to record their 30 Years Of Service (2003) with them in Mike Letts Sinagra Studios. "That was one of the most fun times I've had recording anything for sure," he recalls. "The ten of us sat at a table, and then they narrowed the whole thing from hours of live video cameras, because that's where the control room was. It's a huge house. You walk in there and my 'Hallel' and then hear yourself coming back over monitor speakers with delay on it."

"It was done at one time," he recalls. "Maybe we recorded a couple of songs, but there weren't any edits or anything like that. It was good, and I remember Richard Milder was still with Sinagra then too. Melissa and I knew each other from the 20s, because he was a journalist who had written a really funny article about The Stooges for *Rolling Stone*."

Between recording and touring with The Stooges and being involved with the various musicians that make up The Redon Collective, Mackay has successfully risen from the grave for his own creative comeback. "I love The Redon Collective," he confesses warmly "because nobody's really going to get to be in the band—but we'll put something together and we'll always be able to figure out what to do. I've pretty much been a senior citizen for the whole effort, but I haven't lost my imagination so to speak, and we play. I'm playing with these guys and enjoying their energy and effort." □ The Stooges with Steve Mackay appear at ATP's Nightmares Before Christmas this month—as well as Gut: There Michigan And Arizona is out now on Redon *Tunnel Drives* is on Glaxo. www.redoncollective.org



Loving the alien

Divulsi from Antares (or Rotherham) - Snow Rising

The Trio — the legendary, fiery improvising group formed by saxophonist John Surman with Stu Martin and Barre Phillips — emerged with all guns blazing in 1969. As Surman's landmark early recordings are rereleased, Julian Cowley revisits the torrid London jazz scene of the late 60s in which Surman and contemporaries fused jazz, avant garde composition, folk and electronics into a visionary conflagration that has burned brightly through Surman's later career. Portraits: Haskon Harriss

At the end of October at London's Roundhouse, as part of the BBC's Electric Proms season, John Surman played baritone saxophone in duet with Tina Turner and Jools Holland's David Byrne. It was a meaningful dialogue across generations, a young musician with distinctive things to say finding common ground with one of the most musically accomplished and restlessly inquiring figures in jazz. Although a one-off session, Surman, who made his first appearance on record 40 years ago, performed with a robust rebuke, one more opportunity to play and a new context for his inimitable voice. It's a voice that in recent years has been heard in innumerably disparate company — playing his own compositions with drummer Jack DeJohnette and The London Brass, guesting with Spring Heel Jack or folk singer Christine Collister, improvising with Turin's out player Anouar Brahem and introducing songs by John Dowland and his Renaissance contemporaries. A few days after that Roundhouse concert, from his home near Oslo, where he lives with his wife, Norwegian singer Kari King, Surman cast his thoughts back to his early musical life in London in the mid-1960s: "We were in an interesting period. Strangely, the worst days of jazz was the most popular part of it. John Coltrane's records were the ones that were selling most. The adventurous stuff, searching — that was the place to be. That was creating the most excitement and interest and as a young player you wanted to be at the centre of the action."

Surman undertook formal study of classics at the London College of Music but, beyond that traditional grounding, new worlds of sound were opening up for him, especially in the company of composer

and arranger Mike Westbrook. They had known one another growing up in Devon. While still at school Surman bought a secondhand baritone and it was cheaper than the alto sax to fit and he loved its fullness of sound. Keith Rowe, later guitarist with free improvising ensemble AMM, was in the shop at the time, found out where Surman lived and called round to invite him to Plymouth Arts Centre, where Westbrook was running a mainstream jazz workshop. "Mike was playing trumpet and trying to write free jazz band arrangements and I became part of that," Surman recalls. By the time they reached London both men had developed a voracious appetite for music.

"I was looking for anywhere to play all the time," he continues. "If there was an open session we would be a room between a petro shop in the Portabella Road — it was awful... the smell of leaking gas — but we played. And we listened to everything we could get our hands on. We were striving to find parallels through the music." That hunger was part of the climate of the time. As early as 1952, Ian Middleton wrote for the obscure *Jazz In Britain* (or *Jazz*), felt able to assert: "Towards the late 60s Britain became the spawning ground of what was to become some of the best contemporary music in the world." Surman features on that record as performer and composer. Also present are drummers Tony Doley and Alan Jackson, trumpeters Kenny Wheeler and Harry Beckles, Mike Osborne on alto, Alan Sidman tenor, pianist John Taylor, bassist Harry Miller, trombonist Malcolm Griffiths and Alan Jackson drumming. This formidable list centres the core of Westbrook's Concert Band, which starting with Chickadee (1967), made a series of

ambitious and dynamic recordings for the eerily early-emerging Decca subsidiary Denon.

Looking back, it's striking how successfully this community of musicians managed to avoid daunting secondhand. Their evolving identity appears derivative or a potted imitation of some revered American model: "It was very important to find your own voice in those days," Surman reflects. "It's probably much harder to do that now." Jazz, at its best, was an enabling idiom rather than a stylistic constraint. With reference to the ensembles led by Ellington, Monk and Mingus, Surman suggests their significant moments in the history of jazz have usually been a matter of "ten or two people with a real vision gathering around themselves like-minded spirits and developing together." London in the mid- and late 1960s was such a moment, and figures such as Surman, Westbrook, Chris McGregor and Keith Tippett were the music's vanguard.

Crucially, a significant number of musicians at the scene at the time were listening without prejudice, cultivating active awareness of sound itself as the substance of their self-expression and recognising that mere adoption of an established style was inadequate to their creative needs.

"We were aware of Camille Saint-Saëns and John Cage," Surman recalls. "That music was with us. All of those possibilities were in the air, although in my circle it was driven back the gate rather than central." When Ronnie Scott's Soho jazz club moved to new premises in Fins Street in 1965, the "Old Place" (as it was known in Gerrard Street became a supperclub venue for an emerging wave of young British musicians. Surman points out that he and

A photograph of a man in a black shirt and dark pants sitting on a red stool, playing a saxophone. He is gesturing with his left hand. In the background, another man is partially visible, and there are musical instruments like a guitar and a drum set. The text "Fires were started" is overlaid in the center.

Fires were
started



SMF3 (from left): Steve Phillips,
Albert Rangelmeff, Suran



Steve Phillips (left) and Suran



The SMF3 of Allen Shadown, Suran, and Alan Shadown

others would occasionally shuttle from there to the nearby Little Theatre Club, where drummer John Stevens was nurturing alternative approaches to improvisation.

Surman performed at the Little Theatre Club alongside keyboard player Peter Lerner in a trio with bassist Jeff Clyne. Jack Bruce played with them too. Boundaries and allegiances weren't fixed; musical identities remained fluid. That fluidity was vital to the cultural dynamism of the period. Surman's 1988 debut recording was Lerner's *Local Color*, issued in Antares by the cutting-edge SPM-Go label. It was engineered in London by Eddie Kramer, who later worked with Jimi Hendrix. Lerner's adventuresome guitar also included Joe Hammer and Tony Reeves, subsequently the rhythm section for jazz-rock group Caloussoum, and tenor saxophonist George Kluge, a key member of the masterfully free-improvising People Seed. "George is astonishing on that record," Surman comments. "He sounds like years ahead of what I was getting up to at the time." The event gave rise to the centre of the action.

Equally important to Surman, though, was the opportunity to play blues at the Minusque Club with influential singer Alexis Korner. Korner's home became a meeting place when Surman and his friends received an education in blues history. And upstairs, as Korner's guest, lived the suburbanite and enlightened writer and broadcaster Charles Fea, who ably guided young musicians to the finer instances of recorded jazz. Then, as now, Surman felt a profound need for diversity of musical experience. While studying for a postgraduate teaching diploma towards the end of the '60s, he took after-lessons at London's School of Oriental and African Studies with Nooki Jaramithay, a lecturer who later became Professor of Ethnomusicology at the University of California. "I've always been crazy about different instruments," Surman embraces. "And I learnt quite a bit about the structure of Indian music. Now I ask the mystique out of it and taught the nuts and bolts. You sing it before you play it. I started out as a boy aspirer and that made sense to me."

As a teenager, after his voice broke and he stopped singing in the local choir, Surman learnt clarinet and was able to play along with New Orleans jazz records, to feel part of that music and to start making up his own. But he has never felt entirely satisfied with clarinet as a jazz instrument, and predicting Master's Chorus' Grammy ad museum at college put the final seal on the instrument's failure for him. By that time he had grown accustomed to the physical challenge and rewards of the baritone sax, which he still regards as "a magnificent instrument." In time, when it became increasingly visible, he added saxophone alto and bass clarinet, which he found altogether more agreeable than its smaller relative. With these horns he extended the range of tone colours available to him while remaining unmistakably himself on each instrument. "You have to intensify the sound," he

explains. "It's singing really. It's a voice. You've got to feel it inside to make that sound."

Surman's neighbour in West London during the late 1960s was Timothee Patrick Henderson, co-leader of the popular calypso jazz trio. Surman regularly attended Sunday jam sessions organised by Henderson, and there he experienced "another adventure: another rhythmic feeling." The impact of this outdoor music is reflected on the first solo of John Surman's *Descent*, the saxophonist's first solo release, recorded in August 1969. It was produced by Peter Eden, a catalytic presence in British jazz at the time, promoting exploratory music through the Centre and Down Labels. Four tracks, featuring Henderson and culminating in Surman's rollicking "Descent," indicate the calypso aspect, presumably to the satisfaction of record company bosses but also to Surman's own. "I was happy to do it because it was just as much a part of my music at that time as anything else was," he says. "But simultaneously I was very much involved with bassist Dave Holland and drummer Alby Jackson in my first trio." That trio provided the kernel of the main complex and challenging music on the album's second side, although, in keeping with the communal spirit of the music and the time, all 11 participating musicians have their say.

In March 1969 Surman recorded a sequel as leader: *How Many Clouds On Your Sea? (Descent)* shows the urgency, excitement and vibrant undercurrent of the early Westbrook albums, teeming with drive and boiling over at times with unrestrained blowing. Two months earlier Surman had featured, along with Tony Dewey and bassist Bruce Ogilvie, in the quartet that made John McLaughlin's *Empirestate* (Polydor), a landmark snapshot of a moment when jazz was in flux and renewing itself. McLaughlin soon moved to America to join Miles Davis and then to forge the best of fusion with his Mahavishnu Orchestra. *Empirestate* remains undisturbed by McLaughlin's later achievements. There's audible establishment in Surman's voice as he recalls that he and Ogilvie, playing with Ronnie Scott's hard-bop Octet at the time, popped out one evening between sets to meet the others, with all its thrills and difficult time signatures.

Towards the end of 1968, through the agency of British tenor legend Tubby Hayes, Surman was performing mainstream jazz with trumpeter Humphrey Lyttelton. He was also a member of the large ensemble that realised the first album by Gil Evans-inspired arranger Mike Gibbs. Being multifaceted came naturally to him and enabled him to ride the crest of London's musical ferment. But the economic reality of working as a jazz musician in the city those days was far from commensurate with its creative fertility. "You get the impression at that distance that it was all happening and we were playing all the time," says Surman. "Fresh, playing all the time, but mostly upstairs in pubs for nothing and jam sessions. Making a living playing jazz was difficult. The answer was to do session work and radio broadcasts with big bands. I did a certain

amount of that but wasn't happy. I wanted to get on with doing the music. I was forced out after this world tour so I wanted to play all the time. I left England in September 1969: packed up and went to Belgium."

The move to the European mainland was hastened by his close associate Dave Holland's departure from London in 1968 to play bass in the Miles Davis group that included Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Surman had formed a second group – called simply *The Trio* – with two American exiles, bassist Dave Phillips from San Francisco and drummer Stu Martin from New York. Phillips had played with the likes of Eric Dolphy, Jimmy Smith, Artie Shaw and Lee Konitz, and was working in London with Westbrook and Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath. Martin's equally impressive credentials included stints with Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Sonny Rollins and Herbie Hancock. Both Americans had trouble getting UK work permits, so with Surman they settled near Brussels.

In the course of 1970, under the aegis of Peter Eden, Down Label, they recorded *The Trio* and *Conjunctio*, both now reissued as part of the three disc set *Gathering Backwards: The Owen Anthology* (Jazzite). *The Trio* is one of the pioneers of Surman's recorded output. His baritone playing is magnificently impressive, showing confidence and vigour – a focused consolidation of the achievements of his London phase. It is complemented brilliantly by Phillips' melodic agility and Martin's scorching drumming. "I think what worked well about *The Trio* was that we were very different people," he reflects. "Very different backgrounds, each strong in his own way – that made that trio really happen. Stu was a volatile personality, really up and down. There was much more grounded in a Californian way. Those makes being and working together at a very intense level – there were sparks and it happened and that was it. It was turbulent but we had a lot of fun." And they made great music.

On *Conjunctio*: The trio surrounded themselves with friends from the London scene plus keyboard player Chris Cooke. It was a sequel, in effect, to the democracy experiment of his friend on the second side of Surman's first solo album. It has some exciting playing, but lacks the concentration of *The Trio*.

The alliance was in the process of burning out, although the three musicians remained in contact. *Gathering Backwards* provided an opportunity to hear once again Surman and Martin's enjoyably headlong 1970s duet *Live At Woodstock House Hotel*, with the drummer chucking some wonderfully free-as-a-bird music electronics into the improvisatory mix. Still later in the 1970s, *The Trio* was revived in another guise as MUMPS, a quartet with extraordinary German tenorist Albert Mangelsdorff. Surman had travelled to Japan with him in 1970 when they were among a group of European jazz musicians chosen to play at Expo '70, a high profile cultural exhibition at Osaka. "I learnt a lot from Albert," Surman says. "He and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler were two very strong influences on my playing. They did it play other

people's jazz phrases. They had another voice, another way of speaking. A unique way of speaking or singing."

Forced out into the world in order to play, Surman took his horns with him even on social trips. In May 1978 he was visiting New York and, along with Stu Martin, joined a session that produced Internal Peter Warren's *Beat It* (Epic). Then, in a memorable session of what Surman calls "the garageband," he and Martin went to a rehearsal of Bill Terry Williams' *Lullabies*. John McLaughlin, guitarist with that group, told them he knew someone with a studio in an apartment building and suggested they should record something. Dave Holland and German vibraphonist Carl Berger were on hand. The outcome was *Where Fantasy Dwells*. That's included two on the Glancing Glances and Anthology, which takes its name from the album's opening track, a memorable Surman theme caught up as a frantic whirlwind of high-octave blowing. Inflated especially as interludiously strong and fast, guided on by Martin. "Halfway through there was a lot of banging on the door and voices shouting 'Stop that color!'" Surman laughs. "That's why there are a couple of duets on there." An impromptu act, then, but like *Experiments* it demonstrates a real affinity between Surman and McLaughlin, in terms of their sound and their ability to code an ecstatic, thermal energy and deliver something very special. They were living their music fully at that time, and you can hear it.

Harappance and the urgent improvisational promises of *The Trio* reflect an aspect of Surman's musical life at the time, but he was still drawn to the more deliberately composed and anchored jazz he had performed with Westbrook, Mike Gibbs and South African pianist Chris McGregor's Brotherhood Of Breath. In London, in 1971, Surman collaborated on *Sales Of The Alps* as the main soloist on a 12-piece ensemble led by Canadian singer John Warren. At times daring, always gracefully collected, that is one of the essential musical documents of the period and a great recording of large ensemble jazz. Surman had met Warren in the mid-1960s, in a rehearsal gig in the West London suburb of Brixton. "John was playing alto, singing next to me," Surman recalls. "He brought an arrangement called 'Revels' and I really liked it. We ended up sharing a flat with trombonist Malcolm Gilchrist. John ran Monday evening workshops—a big band session at Ronnie Scott's Old Place. That's where I first met Dave Holland. Warren has always written music that's elegant to play. If I take one of his arrangements to a big band, the guy who's playing the third trombone part will always find there's something for him. It's not just following the first trombone with all the best licks given to the soloist."

Their association continues to this day. During the 1980s Warren acted as conductor for Surman's *Beats Project*, in which the saxophonist was accompanied by a group of trumpeters, trombonists, bassist Chris Lawrence and drummer John Marshall. And Surman is currently using arrangements provided by Warren

for an octet workshop he runs in Morley. His better-known association with Mike Westbrook reached its creative peak in 1976 with the recording of *Cosmic Room 215*, a commission from Swedish Radio. It's a significant showcase for Westbrook's writing and Surman delivers a tour de force 30 years on, his bass chirrup also on "Wine From The Drawbridge" still sounding richly beautiful, while the powerful "Dripping Benz" demonstrates his remarkable ability to function as well "passionately without sacrificing melodic contours."

In 1976 Surman contributed to Burt Phillips's Mountaintop, his first appearance on Manfred Eicher's ECM label, which subsequently became his own main outlet. His solo releases for that label, starting with *Open Reflections* in 1979, have made extensive use of overdubbing. Perhaps inspired by his work with skilled engineers, and aware of developments in rock music, Surman began exploring the potential of studio technology (back at the start of the 1970s, "Multitracking had opened up an accessible path. You didn't have to play a fortissimo," he recalls). "It wasn't only available at Abbey Road; other guys had got eight-track machines." With help from Robin Slaughter, sound engineer at London's Tanglewood Studios, he started to experiment with multi-instrumental layering, "composing on the fly," as he puts it. His investigations flourished due to lack of money and Peter Eden came to the rescue and secured a contract with Island Records, who issued the completed project, *Westering Home*, on their subsidiary Harp label in 1982.

It was a significant moment in Surman's personal development as a musician. "I really started to discover what music was inside me rather than doing along with the genre, as it were. Up to a certain point I had been going wherever the wind took me. With *Westering Home* there came a moment when I thought, the stuff that doesn't sound particularly jazzy and which he always felt a bit awkward about that's me. The thought came to me, you're going to have to live with this because this is who you actually are. You didn't grow up with Chicago blues. When we were at school we sang songs from the National Songbook to an out-of-tune piano. And I enjoyed singing, so all of that was inside me. My dad enjoyed playing Beethoven on the piano at home. My first live standing-on-and musical experience was Bed's St Mark's Passion in St Andrew's Church, Plymouth with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. I didn't know what to do with myself. I was so awed. All that's in there is begin with."

Westering Home was driven by curiosity. Jazz remains the core music, but Surman was steering in other directions too. It motivated him to inquiry that he has continued to pursue through making records, finding ways to broaden elements of jazz, church and other music into his own jazz idiom. At its base, as on *The Road To St Ann* (ECM 1980), Surman has given a new slant to what jazz music may mean, reflecting suddenly upon the country he left in 1968 in order to find new contexts for playing.

As well as overdubbing, *Westering Home* was, in a hemisphere way, the beginning of Surman's long involvement with electronics. His fascination with musical instruments and their evolution drew him to early affordable synthesizers. Soon afterwards Burt Phillips invited Surman to join him at the Penn Opera, providing music for Carolyn Carlson's dance company. Surman worked there mainly between 1973 and 1978, taking advantage of his periods of residency to experiment with the Opera's sophisticated electronic equipment. Working with dancers and synthesizers altered Surman's understanding of space in music. That's reflected in the ECM solo recordings, which have often pitched music against negative electronic loops as ways to manifest of Terry Riley's theatrical improvising.

"The reason the loop stuff came about is because I used a small amplifier which would just repeat endlessly," Surman explains. "Nothing to do with looking for ambient textures—this's just what it did. It could create these patterns and a little later they developed a bit so you could transpose the pattern as you played. The music was born of the instrument itself. After *Open Reflections* I read about Terry Riley and Steve Reich doing these things and checked them out. I don't hear it the same, much as I enjoy some of their music."

By the mid-1970s Surman had introduced electronics into live performance. They feature sporadically in his first, expansive one-off duet with drummer Tony Levin, recorded in May 1975 at Moore's Jazz Festival. Surman has always found jazz with electronic instrumentation. "You're completely free harmonically and melodically but you've got that rhythmic thing," he comments. "It's like North Indian music mixing with the sitar and the tabla—a very liberating experience when you've got all that class." The learning came about because of first minute problems with SDC, a firm he met with Mike Osborne and Alan Shortman, which had been booked to appear SDC, formed following the break-up of The Trio, recorded a notable album for Harry Miller's Open label, now released on CD. "I thought of it as three folk singers," Surman remarks. "You're completely free in the musical conception but it actually reflects the weight and power of tracks such as 'Galileo' and 'Calypso,' where home over across dramatic electronic backdrops." The sure-bash Sitar and Ouse thought it was a bit before its time; Surman chuckles. It still sounds vividly exciting.

Meanwhile Surman is set to release a new album with the string players who in 1980 recorded *Quascentric* (ECM) and an album of duets with improvising chamber organist Howard Moody. On 1 December at Bournemouth's CBSO Centre he'll be playing jazz with bassist Chris Lawrence, drummer John Marshall and John Taylor, a pianist who, Surman asserts, has never stopped improvising. "A man," he adds, "after my own heart." □ *Glancing Glances: The Dawn Anthology* is out this month on Castle/Baroque; SDC is out now on Opus.



For going on 25 years, Melvins have delighted in wilfully confusing and baiting audiences, keeping fans guessing by following their instincts beyond hard rock and Metal into improvised electronic noise, art film soundtracks, musique concrète and collaborations with everyone from Jello Biafra, Lustmord and Keiji Haino to Leif Garrett. Words: Phil Freeman Photography: Kareem Black

Amps of the perverse

"I always felt more alien to experimental stuff than Heavy Metal," states Melvins' wild-haired frontman Buzz Osborne, aka King Buzzo. "We like Heavy Metal. But is it stupid? You bet it is. There's no way around it and there's nothing wrong with that." As in fiction or film, genre must be frequently the cradle of real innovation. Raymond Chandler used detective stories to upend written English and David Cronenberg spent the '70s writing high-level artistic novels in the genre. Similarly, Metal groups are often part of a secret avant-garde, experimenting wildly to the utter indifference of everyone outside the headbanging ghetto. Since forming in Washington State in the early 1980s right up to their latest record *A Shock Asexual Species*, Melvins have alternated crushingly heavy riff-rock songs with frequently baffling yet revelatory side trips into electronic noise, movie soundtracking, musique concrète and anything else that strikes Osborne's fancy. And they do it all with ardent grace and a healthy disregard for anyone who doesn't take them, or anything else, too seriously.

There's nothing gods' attitude, even more than the actual sounds they make, makes them as spiritual toothfests to the current wave of rumbler in Sum 68 and especially Boris, who took their name from the ageing track of Melvins' 1987 album *Bulldozer*

Still, unlike Stephen O'Malley and co, they mostly keep the art crowd at arm's length. "I want gods' ambivalent composer? No you're not, you're a lazy shit," he laughs. "Put a fucking band together inspire me with that, not so far behind it with a bunch of guys who consider playing music little more than a day job. That doesn't impress me."

Very little impresses Osborne, it seems. Giving a wide-ranging interview, his most self-reported reflex is "I have no interest in that." Still, Melvins have been a force in the side of rock for going on 25 years, releasing nearly two dozen albums, both under their own banner and in collaboration with artists ranging from Lustmord to Pearl Jam and former Dead Kennedy's vocalist Jello Biafra. Some of these have been simplistic punk/Metal bashers but others are intricate works that take them far beyond the heavy rock for which they're best known. One of their most recent and most intriguing collaborations was with Greg Haino. The black-dyed Japanese guitarist played with the group at New York's Symphony Space, providing live soundtracks to Peter Dinklage's American actor Carson on Jello's movies. Before he sound his first about backyard wrestling (SR), Halloween traditions (Spook House) and Australian anti-Baths tradition (Kinky About with live Melvins accompaniment in 2003, James had

originally set the first to "Hung Bunnies/Burned Bird Dog", the opener from their 1992 album *Lipsal*.

"The other two soundtracks were especially needed scored for the films," says James. "For me, Lipsal stands as one of the greatest rock albums of all time. There's a Wagnerian quality with their music and I always imagined them as an orchestra playing the live soundtrack music to my silent films. The soundtrack for SR, my first, needed a primitive and mysterious sound that was grounded in a heavy rock music. The [super 8] reels were sequenced to the exact length of the story and dragged right into the film and it worked beautifully. Lipsal's extended guitar riffs and irregular drum sheets, jumping in with the harmonical sheets, built a hypnotic audience and tension. Their soundtracks really spoke for me and punctuated the intensity of my film trilogy, which I seemed to express."

Lipsal was when Melvins first began to get the reputation for difficulty and perversity that's dogged them through the years. Although it contained two superb covers (Flanagan's "Rancid" and Alice Cooper's "The Ballad Of Dwight Fry"), it was most notable for being one long track on CD. "When we were doing it," explains Osborne, "we were thinking, 'Everyone's going to skip this first song, because it's an long



Michael: Buzz Robinson in Brooklyn, October 2008



Gusap Willis



Jorrel Warren

I don't think there's far to the song, so we're not [singing it]. And that's my favorite song on the record. They have to listen to it now, or first listened through it. Or they have to buy the vinyl, which nobody's gonna do." Even when the tracks are suggested for listener connection, Melvins albums look different from everyone else's. The cover art is frequently mirrored, with the titles and credits printed on the first page of the booklet and an art image placed on the back of the tray card. "It makes more sense," argues Osborne. "It's a bigger piece of space for art. Why should it be treated on [like] type? I was looking at it going, 'Everybody's doing this wrong. But people follow along when I say, I don't know why.' What's more, their covers don't seem to refresh the sound; contained within — the drought, almost all by Osborne's wife Madeline, often features wittypopular patterns and cute animals. "With a name like Melvins, having a Dangers & Dragons cover wouldn't make sense either," says Osborne, who named the group after a former failed boss. "Does any somebody at [radio distributor] Caroline Records told us we did a lot more records if we didn't do stuff like that?" Insects Dale Crover, Osborne's running partner of 32 years. Since joining Melvins in 1984, the drummer has provided a slightly more serene counterpoint to Osborne's grinding strains of microtonic and latent. His "reentry" dressed appearance hides a keen intellect, musical and otherwise, and a near total immunity to flattery and bullshit. "If we didn't do 'such stupid-looking album covers, and I quote,'" rejoins Osborne.

The group's primary sonic proclivity was established with their album debut proper, 1987's *Glow Fly Dreamers*. The first cut, "Eye Flyer," begins with throbbing angle notes from original bassist Matt Lukin and haze, ethereal noise from him by Crover. Osborne's guitar notes directly in the mix, a sustained feedback note that doesn't begin to become so much as scolded noise, but state a riff until nearly two and a half minutes into the track. Though it clearly evokes something to Metal, particularly the slow, slow run of Black Sabbath, Melvins' music, even at this early stage, is definitely *not* heavy. Crucially, it lacks Metal's and psychedelia rock's anguished towered transcendence, reaching drama and catharsis in favor of an endless, punishing slog. If anything, Melvins are about wellworn, in the third and degraded run of someone about changing the listener direct with them, not about reaching into some mangled world of rock glory.

This unrelenting, dazed-out hellfire is also derived in part from US hardcore groups of the time, particularly Rigger and Black Flag. "We always liked that kind of stuff," says Osborne. "We naturally morphed into it. Black it, then even it." School of Black Flag's packaging, 1986 album *My War* — which backed as thrashing live song A side with three sludge, epic songs and then many less needing in horror — was definitely his hand in the early Melvins catalogue. The Rigger link has been readily acknowledged; the group covered "Sardonic" on their 1994 album, and "Wey Of The World" on a limited edition single.

Another thing Osborne took from punk was a healthy disregard for traditional instrumental technique. Despite the groups' clear affection for

rock in all its forms, from punk to ZZ Top, there are very few guitar solos on their records. "I like all the same guitars anybody else does, but I can't imagine adding a weird, grinding, loud guitar solo," he says. "There's just no desire. It sounds horrible to me. I'm not gonna do it. I would rather spend my time learning about songs and then worry about guitar licks. I can play guitar licks if I want to, but I have no interest in that kind of gymnastics. A lot of stuff, especially from the Dave record, is difficult to play, but guitar solos are just — I guess they're OK to some degree, but they're not my focus."

Osborne (and Melvins) focus in on songwriting. The rising guitar and thundering drums, not to mention the frequent experiments with tape effects and electronic noise, contribute to a collage of riffs and hooks packed with a keen understanding of rock dynamics and melody. This new LP, *A Snow Animal* in one of the few to include lyrics, and only isolated phrases are repeated. The rest of the time, listeners must decipher Osborne's howling — not always the easiest task, but if he's mostly unwilling to lend a helping hand, it's because he feels it's for their own good.

"I have no interest in leading people along with some little hints when this is about," he says. "Let them discover things on their own and let them decide what they think it's about. It's better. There's a line in *Dark Highway*, the David Lynch movie, where Gill Pullman says he doesn't like video cameras because he likes to remember things his own way. I think that's really important. Music is communication, and it's communication. But how it communicates and what you get out of it is anybody's guess. If you listen to something and it moves you, it doesn't have to be explained. Why should it? Maybe it'll ruin it."

It might seem odd that a group so unwilling to "lead" their songs would work with punk pioneer Iggy Azalea, with whom they entered the studio in 2003 and recorded enough material for two albums, *Never Danced With You Can't See and Sleep* (2007).

Yes, a David Kennedy has a long time ago, but he's better with the PMRC [Parents' Music Resource Center] interested in me more than anything else," says Osborne. "I think the music industry in general owes him a huge debt, which very few people are willing to pay. He was fighting the biggest opponent of free speech in probably the last 50 years. Nobody seems to give a shit. Oh well, you know me, you part!" Indeed, Azalea has so thoroughly recognized herself that it's easy to forget how real the stakes were. In the mid-80s, he was charged with obscenity — specifically, distributing harmful material to minors — for including a poster of H.R. Giger's painting *Penetration* inside *The David Kennedy's Personalized Album*. Although the charges were eventually dropped, the financial burdens of spending more than a year on trial were ruinous. "If they gotten their way, it would have had a huge impact on the music industry," says Osborne. "Oh, well. No one cares." The sentiment behind this album might be admirable, but the actual music is strictly for punk detractors. Very little of Melvins' sonic innovation makes it onto record. "Recording our basic tracks was of really good and smooth," recalls Crover, "but he liked to do tons of different runs of songs... When we do stuff if we think it's good, and we really

like it, then we work away from it. Then you go, damn. Go on to the next thing."

Melvins' most collaborative work was more fruitful. In 2004 they made *Age Of The Rowless* album with industrial punker Liquidator and Brian Welch. Also formerly of SPK, Welch has been making David Aronson and studio music for decades, in the process collaborating with the likes of Jarber and the LA act Metal outfit Toei. It was this latter connection that led him to Melvins. "He was a mutual friend of Adam Jones from Toei," explains Crover, "and he introduced us in his house. We knew what he did, and we were working on something for a film [by German Jarmal] at the time, and we knew how a person said stuff. So what you can do with it." We ended up recording a bunch of songs, handling a few over to him, letting him have control of a few things."

"I was really interested in his experience with SPK and Thrilling Shores," adds Osborne. "We've all huge fans of that stuff. It's interesting in playing live with us now, and I would totally do it."

Most of Melvins' encounters with the American rock mainstream have gone sour in one way or another. During the early 1990s, they were signed to Atlantic Records for three albums, mostly because New York's success inspired a rapid, if candid, major label trolling expedition, during which just about every halfway reputable independent group was signed up. Melvins got their deal at least in part because of Karl Oskar — he had given up leaving the group, and Crover had killed New York's drum chair for a short time in 1990. Crover was brought in to produce *Headset*, but it didn't go well. "He did some of it," recalls Osborne. "And then I was told into the head of AOL at Atlantic and I refused to work with him any more because he was coming out of his skin. And he disagreed with me and then he had to look into the matter himself. And he asked me about a week later and said, 'Well, you should probably work with somebody else.'"

Osborne never describes Atlantic as his least favorite of the groups (three Atlantic albums, even though that was the one they were invited to release for All Tomorrow's Parties. Don't Look Back series). "The new version, I think it's better," he asserts about Houston Live 2006. As Osborne puts it in the CD's liner notes, "We figured it was our duty to put this out as a live record, even though we were inside of releasing all of the songs in a way of which we never ever intended to play live. Figuring out how to play some of these was problematic but it worked out beautifully. The shows in London and Dublin went great. Unfortunately we didn't fit upon the idea of the live record until after the shows were over." Recorded after the last live in the studio, the 2005 version shuffles the studio album's running order, but Osborne claims, "I don't remember why they were in that order in the first place." And in another collaborative subversion of the Don't Look Back project, he admits, "People already have the record, we don't need to do a certain copy of it."

Even while they were laboring in the major label trenches, it should be noted, some small success ("Thelove" from their second Atlantic disc *Slower Motion*, get some rock radio replay), the group continued to do smaller, more quiet

profits on their label. In 1997 they agreed to no have a cover single through Angelstone Records, which was later scrapped into a two CD set, *Singles 1-72*. Among those tracks are some grueling rock songs, including covers of Rigger's "Why Of The World?", The Goats' "Locust Devil" and ZZ Top's "Meaty Dogs And Fussy Kids." Live versions of older Melvins songs like "The Shaved" and "Lunch" are also included, as is the surprisingly melodic 10-second Bop! single "In The Rain." But then there are tracks like the easy-to-pace "Fugate," the self-explanatory "Thirteen Minutes" (for more than four minutes, with Melvins giggling and giving live-on and perhaps the highlights of the whole set, "Judasville" and "Dell"). There are masterpieces of audience-baiting, recorded live when Melvins were opening for mezzotimen acts. "Judasville" begins with Osborne making a hostile crowd as in Andy Kaufman like manner. "When I'm sitting at home in Hollywood, I often wonder if I could live as a mutant behind like Judasville," the crowd inevitably laughs into a hostically loud and heavy noise Metal riff, over which Osborne begins howling. "We live every single one of you... we hate you and we want you to die!" is his paroxysm and exhilarating as the figure twirling on which bassist/vocalist Bill Weller intones to an equally hostile crowd. "The more you hate us, the longer this song gets."

"Dell" is slightly more good-humored, with Osborne egging the crowd on to destroy the arena where they're performing. Clearly, back then it didn't matter to Melvins who showed up—they'd find a way to enjoy themselves at the crowd's expense. Luckily, though, all that behind them "We've been offered a lot of tours along these lines," Osborne says. "Not lately though, because our booking agent basically just says no to all of them. I have no interest in trying to sell the band like a hot new group. Opening for other bands, I would like for a lot of money. But that would be very silly motivation."

In 1998, the newly liberated group signed with their current label, Mike Patton's Goner Records, and reimagined the deal by releasing a trilogy of albums back to back to back: *The Meggit*, *The Roadster* and *The Grybbie*. *The Meggit* was a relatively "typical" collection of crunching, mid-drive songs, including a cover of a 70s rock supergroup, *Blackwood March* (The Grass Roots' *With The Two Progenies*). *The Roadster*, for contrast, is much weirder and more subdued. Osborne's guitar is almost unheard throughout most of its nine tracks, and he trades his usual demonic roar for a Jandek-like whisper. The third volume, *The Grybbie*, is somewhat closer to the most unexpected and listener-friendly, at least in part. Each track features Melvins taking a guest vocalist, whether it's former US teen-disco dad Lari Garner on a masculine, radio-ready cover of Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" or Bruce Mckinley III singing his grandfather's "Brenda's Men" and Mike Huggins' "Coke From Michigan" in earnest-to-country arrangements—the band rock stems '90s rock or sonic distance here. Tool collaborates with the group on the 15 minute "Disorder," and label owner Patton contributes vocals to "Joe Joe," while Jim Forster ("Thirty") turns up for "Mine Is No Doghouse." There was only one live show.

"Back and yes, and we went to the trouble of recording all the stuff and sent it to him, and then he just never did anything," says Osborne. "Even Lari Garner, standing out to the synth, was able to get it done, and that's not true!"

Melvins followed the well-received trilogy with the baffling *Obscene Of Gravity*, which Osborne says was originally meant to be the final disc in the set, before the guest vocalist idea occurred to him. A live album recorded fully on Friday 13 October 1998 in Capetown, California, at the time Osborne, Draper, brother Kevin Rutemore and guitarist Adam Jones took, but as an after-thought. It's a 55 minute electro-acoustic improvisation—feedback amplified, howling and giggling without a single identifiable vocal or instrumental. The sole consolation for the playing audience (Osborne: "They said, all right, Oh, they said") was that Melvins were, in effect, opening for themselves—in the closing moments of the disc, the beginning of "Eye Fly" can be heard. Cover music, "We just decided, 'OK, we're gonna do this for about an hour' and we had Adam Jones as our closing act." I think that's about all the stage for a minute to go to the bedrooms, and some cut came up to Adam and said, "Can you please stop doing this?" and Adam said, "I'm just doing what I want to do, and I'm doing it really completely about it. They were really saying that they had to cut through that."

So OK, they smelted their own impetus to experiment onstage. But given the live responses, wasn't it missing it on record adding insult to injury? "Even when we play straight shows," rooster Draper, "it fucks with people." "We like the stuff we're doing," expands Osborne, "even if it does fuck with people. We'll laugh about it because we know it's going to, but I've never personally put out anything I don't like. Never. I like everything we've ever done."

The one thing many people know about Melvins is the trouble they've had holding on to bassists. The first, Matt Lukin, left to join Madfreaker Lari Black (daughter of actress Shirley Temple Black—yes, that one) succeeded him, staying for several years. Then came Joe Priestas, who left after nine more than a year, unable to deal with Osborne and Draper's tight band and general artistic dominance. Black left again for Houdou, to be replaced by Mike Dimech (1993–97) and finally Kevin Rutemore (1998–2004), formerly of Milwaukee-area rock-band The Cows. Houdou live 2008 featured bassist Trevor Dunn. Osbornes follow concept in Mike Patton's *Perkins*, brought in as a last minute replacement for Rutemore, who had become increasingly unreliable. After Don't Look Back, Osborne and Draper were auditioning again. It was a short process, which culminated in Melvins also recording a second drummer. "We looked out another bass player, and discussed what we were going to do next," says Draper. "And suddenly we were suggested. Jared Warren, some short brown hair for a long time. So I'd been doing these guys through live, and when I mentioned it to Buzz, well, well, Buzz talked about having another drummer in the band for a long time, doing something on tour or recording or something, we took from the very last live Nirvana ever did, we

were on it and we were going to play the next show with Dave Grohl. But it never happened."

The idea of becoming a two drummer group "had been brewing for a while," claims Osborne. "And we'd played with Big Business before and figured they could do it." Blackwires club Big Business had released their debut CD, *Went For The Shallow* shortly before being assimilated into Melvins. Given their history, isn't occupying the bass desk in Melvins an embarrassing job prospect? "If you're asking me if I'm allowed for my life, then yes," smiles Warren. "Those dudes are sorry as fuck. They have weapons." When asked what he brings to Melvins he says, "I'm much sloppier. But I've got hair."

Second drummer Corey Wille says of the new gig: "I've definitely had to step up a notch or two to keep up with Dale. We've been following The Melvins since I was 16 or 18, so Chris' drumming style was a major influence as I was learning to play. He's got one of the most distinctive styles in rock in my opinion. I believe you could line up four or five drummers and have them hit a drum once, and you could tell which one was Dale without looking. So it's been great, I've definitely learned a lot since this project began."

The Big Business recruits are far more than an added rhythm section on a Seattle-driven Warren also doubles Osborne's vocals, creating an effect that's more about bass harmony, tuning the hostility and rage of the lyrics into something genuinely threatening. Accompanied to lead status, Warren's bass is louder than anyone holding that position before him, leaving Osborne to concentrate on shrieking solos rather than lyrics. The effect is to replace Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi with Gong Of Four's Andy Gill, although just as merry. Marshall sticks as before, and the doubled drums rattle and crash in a way that belies small output from nearby speakers. "I've seen them at exactly ready on their heads back to the, but they sound utterly rejuvenated," A Seattle *Animal* is as progressive-minded and rhythmically tricky as *Murderous Blood Mountain*, and like that album, it signals increased space in Metal for virtuosity without the need to sacrifice new power. At the same time, it signals the final acceptance of post-rock and art music ideas into their work, synthesizing those elements rather than using them as disruptions. And yet, it's a totally ecstatic release. Osborne and Draper have long since stopped worrying about who likes what they're doing and why. "Given from an outside perspective, before we live, the band, that's always been the deal with The Melvins," says Wille. "People either get it and love it, or they can't put their finger on what it is and what it's supposed to be, so they imagine it and say 'I don't know what it is. This doesn't make sense to me!'"

"We're done a lot of records," concludes Osborne. "At this point, there's room for us to do whatever we want to do. I don't see why we'd have established ourselves, if people can't handle it. There's nothing they can do about it. We think it's good, we think everyone should think it's good. If they don't think it's good, that's something wrong with them, not with what we did. If people can't tell we're 100 percent into music, into what we're doing, what can we do about it?" □ A Seattle *Animal* is out now on cassette



The Primer

An occasional guide to the selected recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Dave Stelfox uncorks the cough linctus and enters the screwed and chopped world of Texas Hip-hop and Houston's groundbreaking Screwed Up Click collective, with its half-speed sludge beats, alchemical lo-fi mixes, 'gray tapes' and syrup-blurred MCs. Illustration: Savage Pencil

Hiphop

No matter where in the world you travel, each destination has its own character, its way of life reflected in the sounds and colours of its streets. Thanks to tropical temperatures, overwhelming humidity and an easy sense of Southern hospitality, Houston, Texas, can often seem like a city running at half-speed. In certain neighbourhoods, once the sun has fallen, it isn't long before this mood becomes something you can almost reach out and touch. Sooner or later a brightly metallic painted car will drive by, weaving leisurely across the road, the music thrumming through the deers as loudly as the chrome rims spin on its wheels.

Make no mistake, while not talking about tedious, jazzy instrumentation and affable drill-out lyrics here listed, black struggle-up hood rhymer by rappers such as The Geto Boys and UGK, recorded on 45rpm vinyl, but played at 33 to bring your favourite rap record moving like sludge, bursts of double-time percussion splattering across it, words stuttering and jumping, each drum kick spreading out in a full-spectrum blur, like oil splattering on puddles...

That's the sound of 'screwed and chopped' hiphop, perhaps the strangest and most seductive subversion of street rap ever. Channelling the effects of codine cough syrup, the local intoxicant of choice, directly through the rhymer's, it transports beats and bars to a parallel universe where the world turns slow, thereby even played in a club setting, it's listening music for the park as the driver's ear - a rudimentary but deceptively effective way of opening up records and revealing their hidden depths.

Powered by one Robert Earl Davis Jr, otherwise known as DJ Screw (thanks to a mischievous

childhood habit of stealing his mother's records, with a screw), this fascinating culture was birthed entirely by accident. Hanging out with his boys, shooting the breeze, sipping syrup and playing tunes on a turntable in the early '90s, he learned how and felt the speed control of his Technics turntable, making the record launch to a sluggish pace. Not bothering to set it right, perhaps not even noticing for a while, both he and the crowd eventually discovered that this everyday mishap had an unintended consequence. The beats hit deeper and longer, the lyrics took on a more opiated sensuality. It was the ideal soundtrack for a place where the beat is fancy and no one wants to get anywhere too fast.

It could have all stopped there, but someone offered \$10 for a whole slow mix. The DJ accepted, and the rest of his label Screw tapes - also known as 'gray' tapes, after the Massi cassettes they were recorded on - was made. The story is apocryphal and exact dates are fuzzy (what else?), but their moment marked the start of a regional revolution. Throughout the '90s, Screw built and maintained a ground-level relationship with his audience. As well as his own mixes, he took requests, sampling extra from people's track listings located by customers laying them down at regular speeds, then slowing the master down and taping all over again. Although simple, this process was little short of some alchemy: the best of these untold gemstone recordings creating a gauzy filter under which beautiful rhythms and fat beats were transformed into disorienting, sick and often humbly beautiful works of art. It wasn't long before cars were jamming his street, full of people hungry for the latest batch.

Much like the dub to reggae, Screw had unwittingly created a singular brand of ghetto psychedelia, a reimagining of hiphop that would change the face of mainstream urban music. It's a reminder that sometimes the spirit of innovation are enough to push musical boundaries. All he needed was two slabs of vinyl and a happy accident. However, unlike dub, which creates space via the subtraction and reduction of elements, Screw'd music takes whole records and adds even more to them in the form of cuts, scratches and out-of-synch repeated phrases, otherwise known as 'chops'. The very, hyped-out quality all came from the simple act of pitching the music down.

As this mesmerising mode of mixing gradually became the city's signature style, it began to affect the way rappers engaged with the form, even at normal speed. The laid-back nature of the music tilted the South's elongated, drawling vowels like a glove. Soon enough a crew of MCs coalesced around Screw. Starting with founders Fat Pat and Lil Keke, the Screw'd Up Click quickly won widespread acclaim. Joining an army of members including Hawk, B30 (not to be confused with the New York group of the same name), Big Mike, Big Poney, Mike D, A/1, Gino, Lil Flip and 2-Ro, they drew up the blueprint for South hiphop over an army of DJ's runs, spitting lines about candy-painted rides, diamond teeth, busts, grand and their 'purple drink'.

It was all suddenly inconstant. Two As Hawk and in an interview conducted a few months before his still-unresolved death by shooting in May this year. "When we started out, we were just hanging out at Screw's house making tapes and screaming out to our people. It wasn't about money or fame. It



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DJ Screw

was just something to do. We never set out to be stars but Screw, like a prophet, predicted something bigger. I remember him telling me, 'I'm going to Screw the world.'"

Sadly, Screw would not live to see his dream realized. In November 2000 he was found dead in his bed in a room just 20 years old. Although a victim of unknown causes was pinned by the savvy doctors, high levels of prescription drugs, the active ingredient in prescription cocaine (crack), was found in his blood, leading many to cite an overdose as the unofficial reason for his untimely passing.

Repeals, six years later this lost hero's life is not obscured but is better. Every Texas rap album, not to mention plenty from farther afield, now comes in both regular-sized and slow versions, and producers including Southside's label owner Michael "Scoop" White, DJ Ruck C and DJ Big Baby will pursue the style to new levels of sophistication. Houston also has a thriving independent hip-hop scene in which most indie frequency top 50,000 are in their home state alone. Meanwhile, above ground, artists including Pearl White, Slim Thug, Mike Jones, Guilleminoff and Bun B are familiar faces in the US charts.

Back on the Southside's Cuban Boulevard, the Screwed Up Records 8 Tapes store reveals the scene's small origins: a salubrious reminder of underground music's ability to infect and influence the mainstream. Run by Screw's cousins, this retail paradise has continued to do a brisk trade selling nothing but vintage Screw mixes. Of course, here of all places, conversations eventually turn to the man himself.

It's the same all over the city — on records, in clubs, bars and cars. Screw is constantly referred to and revisited. A man with "magic hands" ("The Originator"), occasionally even a saint. Rapster Bun B puts it best, though, explaining, "Screwed music was something that happened here. No one's really duplicated it anywhere else. It's what we do, something that's ours. We carved out our little niche as hip-hop history."

This Primer looks at the work of Screw's predecessors, friends and followers, from its beginnings in the early 90s to its contribution into the 21st century.

G-Boys We Can't Be Stopped

REP-A (G-Boys 1994)

The Godfathers of Houston rap, G-Boys were in lawd, crack and gangsta to the bone. Starting out in the late 80s with six members, by the time We Can't Be Stopped was released, this crew had already been through a number of splits and were down to just three people. In contrast almost epitomized by its sleeve — Bushwick Bill, a wild-eyed madcap rapper originally from New York pictured being washed through a hospital by paramedics Scottie and Willie D, clutching his face after a shooting incident involving his then girlfriend — the fourth album is a breath, electrifying experience.

Blending idiosyncratic Southern flows with a thumping funk instrumental, the tale track refers to "The Boys" (omnibus debut from Gillette Records, thanks to the multiple references to multiple rape, guns, drugs and more neo-rapish content) as a well-defined compilation landed by the age duration: the year before.

However, "Mind Playing Tricks On Me" is the seminal moment: a massive hit that defined Texas's busy G-funk influenced sound for years to come. Listening now, though, "Fuck A War" is depressingly relevant, Bushwick Bill raving against the government's attempts to enlist him to fight in the Gulf (probably wishful thinking, given his partial blindness and bright assault with the lens). "They prefer rappers on the front line/when it comes to gather slaves, they put us very behind/it's not gonna say ing star off/While We/it did not on TV playin' gold."

UGK Too Hard To Swallow

2000 (P 3-03-00) R19 20

Super Tight

2001 (P 3-03-01) R19

Redin Dirty

2002 (P 3-03-02) R19

Hailing from Port Arthur, Texas, Chief Butler and Bernard Freeman are better known as Prince C and Bun B. Collectively they form UGK, short for Underground Kings. After releasing one cassette-only album in 1991, entitled The Southern Way, their next effort was Too Hard To Swallow, the record on which the duo began to establish their own take

on street rap. A mix of gritty subject matter and peevish down-tempo laments, the juxtaposition of Blues bluffs, southern-style lyrical presence and Pimpin' metal hawking was like nothing that had come before. Making no attempt to fit in with the wider national scene, they remained in their Third Coast stronghold, loosely flaunting Country grooves and a host of regional references over stand-out tracks such as "Pocket Full Of Stones", "Cassius Is The Back Of The Ride" and "Short Taxes".

Perhaps most importantly, several cuts were produced by Butler, a note he would increasingly make his own. 1994's Super Tight shows the evolution of his sound, an increased emphasis on queuing gospel organ, funk samples and a growing organic palette of rhythms. Over this period, Bun's rhythmic head also evolved to the point that he now maintains a position as one of the South's most respected older rappers. The required "Pocket Full Of Stones Part 2" is about the best illustration available, especially when played against his predecessor. However, "Front Back And Side To Side" remains a classic to this day, recently plundered by Atlanta rapper T.I. as "Front Back", included on his latest album King and featuring both members of UGK.

Redin Dirty saw Bun and Pimp make their break into the mainstream, ending the Top 20 of the Billboard Hot 100. By this time their identity was fully formed: lawless but approachable, tough but smart. It's for UGK's strongest record to date, notably the outstanding "Diamonds Do Wood" — an ode to the joys of effluent drug — gem studded rings gripping a polished wheel. And when Bun spits "You like runnin' like Garth Brooks bring the nuclear" on "Murder", you know he's not just talking game.

DJ Screw

2000 (P 3-03-00) R19 20

N2 Gipsy

2000 (P 3-03-00) R19 20

Southside Riders

2000 (P 3-03-00) R19 20

Who knows exactly when the first Screw tape was made, or even how many of them exist? Accurate historic documentation is not this country's strongest suit, but consensus estimates number the DJ's

output are in the hundreds, but the thousands. One thing that's certain, though, is that by the mid-1990s, Robert Gove Jr.'s innovative remixes had affected Texas hip-hop irreversibly, creating a new and fiercely supported local culture, launching the careers of a number of rappers and influencing the styles of yet more. This is simply a selection of three personal favorites. A visit to www.screweduprecords.com allows you to dig even deeper, but be warned, once you start it's difficult to stop.

First up, June 27th is widely considered obligatory listening – the Screw First 100 tape, if you will. Picked up with an array of freestyling freestyles from a cast of stellar Screwed Up Click members, it's a tour de force, recombining a wealth of classic tracks from Texas and further afield, showcasing the artists beautifully. Although all the above are new available on CD, they would've originally been distributed on cassette. According to the sound quality is dreadful. However, it works wonderfully in context, leading a magnificent, achronal air, as though the music's notes are soaring and flaking in your ears.

Nowhere is this better heard than on *AG Deep Medley* – early-period Eminem (aka Tupac), Dead End Alliance and Missy Elliot, it's a delight from start to finish, displaying an omnivorous, non-partisan openness for rap music, while greedily promoting the hometown scene. It's also amazing how the ratty flows of "I'm Shady" are improved a thousandfold by being dragged out to a lethargic pace, wreathed in tendrils of analogue crackles. Even so, the 18 minute edit of G Mix's "Fondren & Min" is the highlight, containing portions of real vinyl, late-night car journeys through dimly lit suburban streets.

Finally, *Southside Redux* makes the cut thanks to one of the best freestyles you're likely to hear. Flipping between Click members Hawk and ESG, the opening track's action is fast and visceral, driven along by the interplay of the MCs' respective styles – the former exclaiming, the latter growl and aggressive. While ESG crafts the more intricate metaphors, Hawk's lines "I've got deliver an my mind/It better infern/A prophet/It's 'trog with a college education" are undeniably awesome.

Pat Pat Ghetto Dreams

1990 (No CD 1995)

Born Patrick Lambert Hawkins, Pat Pat was a founder member of the Click. This album sees him in a full effect, the title track still standing up as a stone cold killer. While the productions may sound thin, perhaps even a little naive against their East and West Coast contemporaries, the importance of this artist cannot be overstated because of the part he had to play in the scene finally finding its own voice.

Many of Texas' hip-hop subunits control themes were absorbed out by Pat, with the help of Lil Kuke, over a torrent of strange freestyles, a surprising amount of which continue to be recycled word for word today. Luckily the full-length format doesn't hold him back. In fact, the two old friends have never sounded as comfortable as they do languidly toasting bars on "Pop A' Me" (Meanwhile "Boyz Drop" is still a rocking party banger. The star of the show, though, is "2nd Coast" featuring G Note of the Bonany Boys, recently liberally sampled on Paul Wells' "They Don't Know".

Sadly, the rapper would never see his debut hit the streets. Shortly before its release, Pat Pat was shot

dead after collecting a performance fee from a local promoter. This recording ensures that his legacy lives on.

Lil Kuke Don't Mess Wit Texas

AMP 1990/2005 (CD 1997)

The best title for a Houston album possible – someone had to do it sooner or later. However, there's not all there is to write home about. Lil Kuke came up as Screw's prototypical white rapper, a teenager named Marquis Edwards, making a few business to reap the bay every time he hit the mic. Having already sealed his reputation with the hugely popular "Pop The Pen", this 1997 debut album only located his significance on the local scene. As interesting as it's possible to be without posing out, *Don't Mess Wit Texas*'s excellent nature belies the fact that it contains one of the biggest and most important tunes in the city's back catalogue.

"Southside" is an uncomplicated terming of dreamy piano chords, serious lyrics and innocent lyrics, but there's something weird about the convergence of all these elements. Far from being simplistic, it's a triumph of restraint. The art of using you could imagine crawling down three-lane highways to tin canners, top down, with your girl in the passenger seat. And, of course, that's exactly what it's all about.

Hawk Under Hawk's Wings

1995 (No CD 2000)

John Hawkins was Pat Pat's brother. In a tragically ironic twist, he met a similar fate in May that year. Given this fact, it's impossible to listen to any of his



Pat Pat (left) with Prop G on 908 (right)



Lil Kuke

Known by DJ Screw

albums without a twinge of sadness. After all, he was a family man who dedicated his time to promoting a positive vision of Houston's rap community and bringing up young, less experienced artists.

However, 2008's *Click Heard's Midge* is a fitting testament to his character, an intensely accessible record, the much-loved MC surrounded by a crew of friends including Chris Webb, Big Moe, ESG, Big Poppa, Mike D and Ronnie Spencer. Although the rhymes are effortless and mild-mannered, there's grit and passion at play, too. Every five seconds, and while there's plenty of old-school drops in tow, it's clearly all under control, nothing excessive or outrageous. Featuring Lil' Keke, DJ Screw and ESG, "I Can Make You Dance" has that good-time theme it went. A well-timed, pop-like party joint, explosive syllable beacons off its promiscuous dance rhythm like rubber balls on a tiled floor. Most of all, there's a genuine sense that everyone assembled is having the time of their life. How could they not when the title track contains the line: "You drive me crazy/Like Frank Sinatra?"

Big Moe City Of Syrup WFO00907 12/2009

For a rapper to earn the prefix 'Big', they generally have to be exactly that. In Houston, where everything comes super-sized, from cars to chicken fried steaks, that goes double. Regardless of the flowchart of Click singer's physical heft, he has the voice of an angel, powerful and roaring, but also capable of smooching delicacy.

Coming up with a list in which a new mother is told that her child is addicted to cocaine at birth, its easy to tell when City Of Syrup's realness canons will be. Happily, the songs stand head and shoulders above the schtick. "Givers Baby" earned one's preferred brand of medication, is this artist's "Hard Knock Life". Replete with children's songs and ragging choruses, it's just as rocking loud and just as great as Jay-Z's own effort. Most of all, the album underlines the importance of church music to the

Texan sound, the title track and "Chopper" owing as much to the call and response of traditional gospel as the throbs of G Funk, and "Po It Up" coming as like sheer pharmaceutical swingalism.

Dead End Alliance Screwed For Life (Chopped & Screwed) SAD 102 CD 1009

Screw's very own supergroup, The Dead End Alliance, marked a glacial reaction for the Click. Drawing on the skills of Screw, Kraye, Fat Pat and Hawk, this set of eight productions is a sparkling vehicle for the rappers to flex their verbal muscles and for the DJ to act as co-executive producer. Of course, all composed with racking in mind, the slow western giving space for the MCs to relax on the easy life is a stream of relaxed, sleepy flows. With wistful standards such as "I Don't Stop It (Don't Quit)" and "Down In H-Town", *Screwed For Life* may be increasingly hard to find, but it's an indispensable document of the city's most fertile underground period, formed with an almost palpable sense of fatalism in the independent these artists banded together to create.

Betany Boys Thought Of Many Ways TBB 0017 10/22 1007

Another Click-affiliated group is The Betany Boys. On *Thought Of Many Ways*, C-Naz, D-E-Z, Head Will Lean and D-Fred struck the perfect balance between the then-present West Coast gangsta style and their own Texan roots.

Mixing woozy synths with regional slang and a wealth of locations, as well as even lesser names and places, it's an accessible recording that can still stand uprooted on its hometown streets. Over two discs, The Boys drift in a number of genres, including Big Moe and Lil' Keke on "H-Town", now a local anthem, and Screw himself on "Betany Is The Block". It would be shocking to hear the men playing at regular speed, almost like a wasted opportunity to wind down, were it not for the fact that the track

is so impressively tight. Most frustratingly it also includes "Gloverland", a spectacular depiction of life in the notorious Southside Houston neighborhood in which the crew resided. While this disc may also be hard to find, the better known and more affordable Lil' Flip, these guys make it clear while the real deal is right from the start.

Devin The Dude To This X-Treme DTP 1007 CD 1004

A fusion of Dr. La Squad and Darré Martin, Devin The Dude is quite possibly the world's most likable MC. Combining whimsical, verbal humour with an endearingly loathe attitude, his narratives of random hookups, resulting girl trouble, late-night parties, hangovers and stolen vehicles are a rare treasure in the world of hip-hop – something no one else is even getting close to doing.

Every song tells a story, and even if the ending isn't happy, the chances are you'll wind up laughing. His very conversational rhyming style works best over folkies, ballads or rhythms, rather than cranking, pined down slowcores. Luckily that is just what *To This X-Treme* offers.

Of this brilliantly relaxed set of offbeat national vignettes, the title track and "Bitter Peach" are the most immediately appealing, but "Night Now" is a subtle gem, interestingly coinciding with early rain. The stressed and harassed should be able to get their minds music on medical prescription.

Mike Jones Who Is Mike Jones WTF00001 10/10 1006

There's no way in the world that even the most generous critic could say that Mike Jones is a good rapper. His flows are limited and it's being said to describe the content as a bit tiresome. However, Jones has a couple of trump cards up his sleeve – his ad-hoc rhymes are distinctive enough to stand out in a crowd and he has mastered hip-hop's anti-promotional hustle.



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Devin The Dude

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Lee Perry, reclined on Soundcheck

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Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl

Janek Schaefer
In The Last Hour
CD/104 CD

Joshua Mathews & Janek Schaefer
Hidden Name
CD/104 CD

Soaring, understatedly poignant, genuinely resonant—taken together, this pair of wonderful releases by the sound artist and composer Janek Schaefer suggests that the awkward, disorienting edges of his turntable-inspired early work have been superseded. And while the physical presence of vinyl is still a crucial part of his compositional language, Schaefer has modulated away from a fascination with jump-cut, monochrome crackle and sudden scratchy incursions towards a more reflective and more approachable language—albeit one which remains open to “found” material and which still celebrates, more subtly, the sweet surprise of unexpected juxtaposition.

In *The Last Hour* is a live recording, made at the Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival last year. Commissioned for the festival, the piece was composed specifically for the space (Huddersfield Town Hall) in which it was performed. Rather than being seated conventionally, the audience were lying down and in darkness; the music reached them from eight speakers placed around the room. And while the recorded version on a standard CD can't recreate the completely immersive nature of the original experience, it does suggest how involving it must have been.

Schaefer's music is in four parts, each one taking its title from a single sentence in Ian Barker's novel *The Bridge*, and each blending live instrumentation, found recordings, environmental noise and studio manipulations into a gossamer weave of sound. The first of these (also titled “In The Last Hour”) opens with a series of long-held, deeply punctuated

accordion chords, their dulcet, slightly wheezy excursions immediately establishing an intimacy that persists, as flurries of processed insect noise drift into the mix. They're joined by sonorous organ notes, the blend of sound growing steadily richer and denser but never questioning beyond that initial lugubrious tone. “Between The Yew” follows, a pulsing forest which seems to cry warnings and feels them into an almost cinematic soundscape.

As in *The Last Hour*, *Hidden Name* is, in itself, becomes apparent just how skilfully Schaefer blends his resources. The spare purity of “Half Submerged By Earth” (as the sheer simplicity of a music box, but, adorned by sighing triped winds, it becomes more poignant than it ever could be alone. And there's a perfect moment when “The Ruined City” opens up to admit a splash of Elgar's *Enigma*. Viewed as the warped, meandering orchestra fading into the darkness with the slowly increasing of Gavin Bryner's *The Sinking Of The Titanic*. Later, organs swell to a demonstrative climax—and the music begins a slow link through consuming white noise and macabre choral back towards silence.

Hidden Name is a collaboration with the poet/artist, composer and graphic designer Stephen Matthews. Was conceived in even more surprising surroundings than in *The Last Hour*: it's the product of a midsummer week that Schaefer and Matthews spent at composer John Tavener's home in a small village in rural Dorset. During that time then, the two younger composers made live with Tavener's collection of classical and exotic music instruments (gears, cinnabar, bells, accordion, steel, singing bowls, bells), devised into a box of vinyl that they found in his attic, and made a series of environmental recordings in and around the house. Armed with this treasure trove of raw material, they headed to the York Music Research Centre, where a process of editing, combining and arranging produced the finished record.

Hidden Name shares with *In The Last Hour* a playing time of exactly one hour, but it divides that span into 10 (for the most part) much shorter individual pieces. Some are very brief—“Germes”, for example, could be an excerpt from a Chris Watson film recording, considering he it does of a couple of moments of abandoned building (wood pigeons, [addised] with the occasional sound of footstep brushing through grass. It's an intriguing contrast to the gossamer ambience of the title track which immediately precedes it.

Some pieces combine environmental and studio-processed material, like the radiant opener “White Wings/Child Oxford”, where shimmering drama is suddenly supplanted by the evocative appearance of church bells, others wryly acknowledging Tavener's profession by making a gentle joke about formal composition models. “Quiet For Flute: Piano And Cello”, for example, strays far from the conventional structure that it suggests—in fact, it's perhaps the most radically manipulated piece on the record, a swirling collection of backwards phrases, distorted hope, seemingly recovered from some ancient vinyl cylinder, and buzzingly inserted almost obscure guitar drones. The final piece on the disc is another nod to the English musical tradition: entitled “The Piano”, it takes over where the first piece left off, with the haunting, ethereal choir of “Hosanna” refigured into a slow, drifty landscape, which lowers majestically for a full 23 minutes.

Schaefer suggests that in *The Last Hour* is his favorite among all the discs that he has released, but *Hidden Name* can't be far behind it in his affections. Both projects manage to achieve that most integral of efforts: conjuring from raw compositional material, meticulous placement and refined editing the glorious illusion of impulsive, unmediated drift. □

Music happens (action): Janek Schaefer

Janek Schaefer's music has moved beyond the turntable to powerfully evoke a sense of serendipitous drift. By Chris Sharp



Steeped in ragas and strange scales, these two archival recordings will help rescue American troubadours Robbie Basho and Sandy Bull from undeserved obscurity. By Dave Mandl

The son and his king: Sandy Bull

Robbie Basho
Various In Concert
THIRTIETH SQUARE CD

Sandy Bull
Still Valentine's Day 1960
Live At The Matrol, San Francisco
WITCH CD

Robbie Basho seems fated to be known as "the other Trixema Records guitarist," a distant third in name recognition to master aspirators John Fahey and Les Krieger. But 20 years after his death at the age of 46, Basho can rest easy on the knowledge that he was by far the most conscious of the three, pushing modern steel and "folk" guitar playing well beyond its traditional Euro-American boundaries.

After a few years playing mostly blues and potent songs as part of the Washington DC scene of the early 60s, Basho heard Ray Charles and led an upsurge of sorts. He abandoned the blues and directed the rest of his life to more spiritual pursuits. Musically, his largest exploring Asian compositional structure (or scale, if you prefer), Chinese, Japanese and Indian scales, and a multitude of odd tunings. He became a follower of guru Milos Forman and eventually an inspiration for the 1980s New Age movement—where musical output, it must be said, can't touch Basho's, though he did record several LPs for the Windham Hill label later in his career. After languishing for too long at some obscurity, his music has finally been rediscovered on record, particularly by the "folk folk" movement, with German guitarists Stefan Bano and Jungmann paying perhaps the ultimate tribute by adopting Basho's name.

Recorded in 1960, *Various In Concert* was Basho's last LP and first non-"Trixema" release. It was also his most highly developed work up to that point. Going on 46 years old (and newly re-mastered from the original tapes), the record still sounds ageless. Except for two songs on which his sings and one with minimal instrumental accompaniment, all tracks are

the disc feature unaccompanied playing by Basho on six- and 12-string guitars. Not surprisingly, rage is the dominant influence and exotic tunings abound. But Basho was fundamentally a finger picker, and his traditional Trixema School roots are more completely hidden. Nevertheless, Basho exhibits his unapologetically non-folk predilections at their most forceful. The haunting "Song For The Queen," with its superb French horn and viola accompaniment and suspended harmonies, evokes the plaintive European troubadour songs of the Middle Ages. "Cathedral Of Peace On Earth"—an eight-minute "study in French Expressionism"—has Basho blinding his 12-string guitars with the natural settings of the instrument's strings to a mind-bogglingly beautiful effect. "White Wine" features his swooning (admittedly an acquired taste) over an Indian-influenced tune with unaccompanied dissonant twangs that clearly caught Jimmy Page's attention some years before the recording of *Led Zeppelin II*.

Basho's contemporary Sandy Bull, a modern guitarist whose music was steeped in rage and other non-European forms, mentioned an acute physical connection to any American popular music since the time. Having started out as a Peasants for Affiliated folks, playing with a young Janis Joplin at the coffeehouses around Boston and busking on the streets of Paris with Alex Campbell, he became intrigued by the similarities between the bangs tunes he was playing and the music of India and the Middle East. He bought an oud after being impressed by the music of the Algerian carles in Paris and began incorporating the instrument into his recordings, along with acoustic and electric guitar. His music—generally consisting of long, self-improvised strings on guitar or oud over, it most, a sparse percussion and bass backing—is most blatantly avant-garde, at least more psychedelic, than Basho's. Bull's playing moves at an extremely leisurely tempo, usually over a

12-bar or other strictly functional chord structure, the best provided mainly by the stroboscopic pulse of a heavy vibraphone sitting on his Fender amp.

Recorded as it happens within a few months and a few miles of the *Various In Concert* sessions, Bull's *Still Valentine's Day 1960* is a mostly unrecorded treasure capturing two of his relatively infrequent live performances. Though his gigs were famously often marred by drug-induced sickness—a problem that later dented his career for a couple of decades—the shows documented here are solid and professional. By Bull's beguiling standards in addition to "Electric Blues" and "No Deposit, No Return Blues," both shortened from the side-long duration of their original studio versions, Bull performs a Bach fantasia, a typically unvarnished rendition of Chuck Berry's "My Little Red," and several untitled improvisations for oud. "Memphis," featuring his frugal accompaniment by Gracia Coltrane drummer Billy Higgins and Bull himself on rhythm guitar, is introduced by Bull's uttering of his most remarkable statement that he's "just found this [back]log." I lost it about three years ago (and it just came to light about a week ago). It also turns out that he'd recently lost his apartment and was playing on a borrowed guitar for one of the two shows featured here. But if there was any unfamiliarity with his new instrument, it doesn't show on these recordings, a snapshot of Bull's playing at its most exotic and happy.

One unfortunate experience shared by Bull (who died in 2001) and Basho was the difficulty both had finding an audience—or, rather, a record label to release their material—in the dark days of the 60s. Both men would surely be better known today if they hadn't fallen off the face of the earth at the peak of their powers, or in Bull's case, after recovering from a long bout with drugs. If there's any justice in the world, the newly duned-off releases will help correct that. □

Hototogisu

Some Blood Will Stick

IMPORTED CD

Chromesandamberg

CD, 37:35, \$22

Hototogisu & Prulent

Small On A Razor

CD, 37:11, \$22

Hototogisu & Burning Star Core

Hototogisu & Burning Star Core

IMPORTED CD

It's even the most transcendental rock 'n' roll, from the VU to MB3, the permanent physical attack of calloused flesh on steel wound strings, or the heartbeats whump of dried wood on tinny drums heads, enters the music in the composed here. For most of their work, the Hototogisu duo of Marcia Bassett (see a few Double Dragon CDs and DVD) and Matthew Bower (see also Skullflower and Sunsoil), who are nothing if not the next-dimensional embodiment of transcendental rock 'n' roll, dispense with percussion altogether, using all evidence of their sustained attack on angled sag, open-faced guitars and cables, and cut the tracks with vertigo-inducing edits, so the music explodes into being from out of nowhere, with no obvious agency, no access the realm of the eternal! Now! Sometimes there are moments when the processing recedes, when the duo's improvisations aren't run through the hell of editors created by the sound files on Bower's hard drive opening and closing, and you can just discern the sound of strings being played, straked and bowed a long chain of black boxes, and out of these magical boxes emerges some of the strangest refractors you ever heard, beautiful, acoustically entire that form, mutate and dissolve in the white hot cauldron of the drone.

Working at a very high level of intuitive communion, Bassett and Bower conjure some very strange geometry, twisting a series of monstrous droneworks through a limericked verbal that shifts overdrive traser and frequency field all over your perception of horizontal time. Or to talk about it on

another level, Hototogisu's music is a harmonic tunnelled through a wind tunnel funnelled through the eye of a needle so it'll open your skull at a point right between the synapses and your Third Eye, a concentration of all the concentrated sound forces that have ripped the clothes from our bodies, shredded our souls and drenched our neural minds ever since "Satan Ray" spooked the sets on everything we thought was possible with guitars and electricity. Like the safe words of Evan Parker or the group music of Fela Kuti, the duo's releases feel like exorcism in an ongoing work of generative spirit propitiation. And as with Parker and Kuti, individual tracks can appear as frenzy or as impossibly weighted as fingerprints, on how close you get to them.

The opening track on *Some Blood Will Stick*, a remastered CD compilation of tracks previously released on the *Awful Symmetry* and *Swave* CD, is led between them twice as twice as plenty about the structure and effect of Hototogisu music, is pure primal, a throwback to the ego-erasing Gnostic rites of Isidore of Seville, with a propitiously drunk out dissonant whump through layers of feedback and meandering howling at the moon. The fourth track feels like it's burying you alive, as the duo's alchemical processing reaches critical mass sucking all the air out of the room. The fifth track sounds like the clouds opening and the sun's rays cascading down to feel your innately split with cosmic gloom. The five tracks on

Chromesandamberg, by contrast, sound like they have been cut from one particularly ecstatic all-night flight of the lid. Imagine the sustained rift drone of the first of *The Strangers* "TV Boy" played by an orchestra of 1000 angel-fied members, in five versions. Not even Theatre Of The Dead's Music Of Dr. Nigredo have we been so exposed to the phenomenon of nervous systems unshackling themselves from the conscious mind to vibrate together in perceived sound forever.

As it happens, *Chromesandamberg* might have been better used as the title for the disc meeting

with Prulent, like Damien Farrow, whose music and onstage presence stamp across the surface of the kind of will-to-power electronics powered by Boyd Nam Rice but without ever fully plunging the philosophy that underwrite them: that accelerated synthesis of long disk and tape slows down the ages, all the way from Nietzsche to Messiaen and back road. Unless I'm misreading something in the Hototogisu DNA, the strikes me as a weird hook-up, philosophically speaking, because Farrow's soaring noise sounds like some kind of six-day-week full-oned frenzy, whereas Hototogisu music vibrates in multiple frequency patterns that imitate the sheer fucking elation of entering the blood rushing through your veins with more force than any other music around right now, with the possible exception of Matthew Bower's solo Skullflower project.

The duo's meeting with Burning Star Core (here a trio of C Spencer Yelt with Heri Palace's Robert Beatty and Trevor Tronies), on the other hand, feels like a neural. Not being another group who underlines the domain that the new wave of free musicians set an impulse, leading off the liberties left by some of the most life-affirming music of all time, regardless of its provenance, from the John Coltrane Orchestra to Taj Mahal/Tenors, the model for this meeting might be the version of *The Blue Hunters* that Rudolph Grey covered in 1961 for the *Clear To Higher Time* album, which anchored his and Alan Licht's multi-instrumental guitar line to drummer Tom Surral's parti-primitive polyrhythms. Which means Tronies rolls across his like a punch-drunk Beaver Hens, Spencer sways away at the violin like a version of Leroy Jenkins hooked on multi-parametric rather than schooled in metaphysics, and Bower, Bassett and Beatty proceed in their guitars and FX into a dense but luminous drone. It brings to mind a conversation during which guitarist Jack Rose declared his favorite Bitchin' Bitch LP "It's almost unbearable," he explained, before adding, "I mean that as a compliment." If you can get to that, then you can easily get to this. □

Hototogisu (left) and Bassett (right) and Bower (right)

Tony Herrington mainlines the white-hot drone and Dionysian noise of a clutch of releases by the Hototogisu duo of Matthew Bower and Marcia Bassett

Dan Joseph - archaic

performed by the Dan Joseph Ensemble

Tan Chin, viola - Loren Doughton, cello - Margo Elk, harpichord
Dan Joseph, harpichord dulcimer - Michael Lowenstein, clarinet
Denny Tenick, percussion



DAN JOSEPH - archaic

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The Indian Ocean

The Music of

W.A. Mathias

Devil Mathias

aperture

Thomas Buckner

surface

Joseph Kabera

piece

vision

Intense soundscape

Photo and videoclips

Thomas Buckner

Image

Impressions
with the sculpture
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EVILNETS
YOU ARE NOT HOME
2007/08/08

Long-awaited 3rd album by internationally acclaimed solo artist/producer. Featuring
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Division - Punkstrokes (Philly), Fred Longbrake (Blackout Ensemble), & Bob
Mason (Division of Burma - Seattle)

YELLOW SNOWS & BIRCHVILLE: CAP MOTEL
2007/08/08

Yellow Snows & Birchville: Cap Motel is the first collaboration between these
two underground phenomenon. Both groups have amassed cultic back catalogs
and a great deal of critical acclaim. The collaboration was recorded entirely in New
Zealand both live and in the studio

MOUTH
FOLLOW THIS HOUSE
2007/08/08

Perhaps appropriately Follow This House was recorded following a European tour
in a series of industrial brick, stone and cement and located during the
underground festival week of July 2007. These tracks make a whole lot of sense alone
Follow This House sounds like your arctic, racist, caffeine-fueled in the trunk
of a hundred year old van on a busy, sleepy, overcast red summer afternoon

CONRAD SCHWITZER
TRIGGER TELESTY
2007/08/08

This 3rd release contains 3 new recordings from Conrad Schwitzer. Each track
represents distinct approaches that Schwitzer takes in composition. Trigger One
contains Subliminal, Trigger Two contains From Conrad's Mike Sabin, & Trigger
Three contains a Con Cart composed by mixing recordings of Schwitzer's recordings

GRUBS
THE BLACK TIE PROPHECIES 1, 2 & 3
2007/08/08

This 3rd release depicts the tracks from the latest edition vinyl and
includes two that include reissues the original Black Tie Prophecies. The Black
Tie Prophecies is a massive, evolutionary step in the experimental Grubstom and
it is distributed in Chicago and Paris

58 THE WIRE SOUNDBOX

the other nations are inferior?" Oh, please. If the British people had really wanted Roger Waters' ranting, the national anthem for them they'd have done it while he was still making poppy with the rest of Pink Floyd. Like *us*, it's worth remembering that, as well as wryward socks of things, Volcan Hart is also famous for depicting the "banned" soapbox, but not for the sake of it.

Lithops
Moist Magnet

Memoirist Jim Moore's memoir, *Jan St. Wiener's*, is not just a collection of stories about a man who was a pioneer in the field of African art. It is a collection of stories about a man who was a pioneer in the field of African art. It is a collection of stories about a man who was a pioneer in the field of African art.

The opening "Cupsome of Windward" plunges you into a startling, grainy, dry-out digital device, and it only gradually becomes apparent that Moused Windows is not the casual casual European release in grimey synthesis that it initially appears to be. What starts off as a brief, a confused flicker—bucking conventional in the music's nearly raw, surge strengths into a Delta-band stream, but with such slight of hand that you barely sense where's going on. These elements of dense matter is not physical mechanism are frequently discernable— "Notion" is actually composed by working across integrated in from the American, and the "Cupsome of Windward" frequency oscillations with an orally identified is vibrant. "Folk" similarly lures with the noise of a full-throated Aethers without ever quite coming to a transition.

In between, *Dr. Worm* cranks out its comings-and-goings of light-hearted humor between its shifting slabs of comic surprise. "Carpenter" struggles in a flagged genre part worthy of *The Dora*, while "Harpoon Point" slips along hand in hand with its electric drums which are slowly intertwined with delicate guitar drones. And the closing "Confuse" is essentially intended to be spoken, surgically enhanced still – sent *Dr. Worm* over the proscenium gloriously chops it up into its sublimed, mixed component parts with a savor.

Barton & Priscilla McLean
Electronic Landscapes
(9, 10)

Stock in December 1934, the TMS Synthia 100 was an electric behemoth as robust, solid as was a good rifle not to get caught. Not so much a synthesizer as a very expensive way of filing, as it often roared with diads and pushups, it transformed a studio into a workshop and the production of electronic music into an on-machine-line effort. The BBC Radiophonic Workshop had seen, said to me, that the music department of Indiana University at South Bend where composers Barton and Franklin Muenzinger sought to explore as possibilities. Unfortunately, a budgeting official had noted that in 1934 the great beam had been reduced.

Indiana University's loss turned out to be a considerable gain for the husband-and-wife team, forcing them to come up with a more feasible approach to the production process: adding their own home studio equipment to the expenses and tape machines left behind when the *Alvin* '88 went back to its box. Lighter, often more limited, systems had to be used in conjunction with tape-manipulations of acoustic sounds, and the results are telling when seen from today's perspective.

With a GRAC Resonance Workshop and studio visit, fans can relive that sense of the loneliness and isolation of their solitary work. Santos and Shirley McLean create works of extraordinary depth and complexity. Aside from presenting live electronic music concerts at The Milliken Mix from 1973 onwards, they take studio works from that period into Cleveland's space-time zone portable circuitry, created between 1962 and 1967, and Santos's single movement *Song of Richard* from 1969. Both are included on *Electric Blue* (Landmark), the first comprehensive overview of their electronic work on CD.

Baltimore there are two more recent works dating from 2001: Barnes's *Journey On A Long Street* in which the memories of a childhood are put through a series of built digital landscapes, and Proulx's *Angels of Delirium* a work which takes electronic means to tell the tale of Inuit culture. Providing a post to the writer collection at Barnes's most recent Midway Of Ice Center, created in the late 1990s, we find sampling, migration, retransmission and a Microsoft Plus! housing in a website with MSN. A highly sensitive work inspired by the north-west of Arctic New York, it is back to the roots of a complex pre-industrial age when MAN was just the name for a made shag, subsequently revealing just how much you can do with very little.

BYRON HARRISON

Lionel Marchetti
Nord Five Atlantic

Poetic conceits usually refer to the work of poets such as Edward Hirsch and Henri Chopin, who shared the printed page in favour of magnetic tape, but it's a perfectly apt description of what French composer Lionel Marchetti has been doing for the past decade instead of composing music with words. He writes poetry with sounds, and *Nocturnal Five* (Adventures) is the latest in a series of seething albums in which Marchetti's nocturnalness is more concrete: it's a suite to sounds in a multiplicity of voices and styles, inspired directly

Martens' work was firmly rooted in part of 19th-century German Post-Romantic sentiment, which was fitting given his position as a creative structure in and for combining recognizable sounds in a way that creates yet is foreign in aesthetic-sound itself. It's an aesthetic closer to late Romanticism than the familiaristic sonic style of Pierre Schaefer's *Where Other Worlds Begin* - *Le Grand Maître*. Oscar Le Monnier, *Formes & Son* (Grove and Decca) have explored the maximum. *Radio-Vox Absoluta* takes to the air its most striking approach in the case of turning lyrics, where substantial resemblance to the human voice is consciously exploited by the composer and the booming *Impulsions* of Jean-François Lescault and *Concours Opéra*, *Abstrac-*

and Jodie Whittaker provide an ocean swell of onscreen malice, over which Greg Kinnear's otherwise-fillicious attempts to get his tongue round a French phrasebook become sinister over time.

Musically it belongs in the same ilk as former *It's a Wonderful Life* soundtrack *Alma Corcoran: My Darling Sister*, but Kelley's desperate, broken cry of "Just some" swallowed up in a terrifying blast of foghorn, is the kind of genre masterstroke of which Robert Lowell would have been proud.

GAB WASHINGTON

Melvina
A. Sengul Aramali

3FEDAC CO
 Bellows are like a group of old ladies who have occupied the same bar corner for so long as anyone can remember. They produced the Seattle explosion, yanked it around while Kurt Cobain ate and fell, and have sustained almost all blows that come. *A Seattle Sounder* is the latest in a steady series of more than 20 releases on some various formats in the last seven years for the disc.

[illegible]

Other tracks with this approach stand out: "Telling Horse" has a grinding riff with whirled glasslike guitars. On "A History Of Bad Men" the power chords are so heavy on falling legs and do most of the work in a wonderful sludge. On the stop short tragedy of "The Mechanical Birds" the words turn into a roaring chorus of contempt. Elsewhere, "A History Of Swans" is a back to basics dump-and-burnt number reminiscent of the Markos of 20 years ago. *A Society America* for the record of a group - just, present and future.

www.mechanicalbirds.com

NADMA,
Pauze

ALICE MINGHER CD
NACOMA, the National Archives On Maye Arts, was an Italian engraving poster whose reuse has remained largely undiscovered. They released a line LP on RCA in 1953 but spent time that they wasted solely in real time. Thankfully, recent archival releases have led Alice Mingher to forge a series of CDs documenting their work. *Pharis* is the first to appear and is a corker.

Recorded live in Milan in March 1992, *Four* has a fiery teenage edge. Unlike some of the other pioneering collectives of the time, the music NABH produced was purely sportsmanlike, passionately derived without intellectual underpinning: as an attempt to create a more instant result than might have otherwise been attainable. In this, the music





Cul de Sac
ECONOMIC RESEARCH
(SAC-ER)

AR THE WINE SOMMELIER

The Compiler Various artists:
reviewed, rated, reviled

Gracie's *Notes* are unknown to the writers on the *Gracie* Web. Many Information Center users at New York's schools to promote current work by African composers. Critical Writings has been a couple of it to draw attention to the authors. The word *new*, as well, a 'feature' to feature. Some contributors such as Andrew Davey and Graham Follen: "I'm relatively well known. And part of me of us was kindly invited to read publicly the rough notes I've been here, which we will need to always get perfect editions as well as a subsequent. In an accompanying conversation, Graham offers a list of suggested propriety literature that includes Son House, Albert Jones, Louis Lomax and Edward W. Jones."

"Cold Mountain" and "Slydies" impressively in it as early Beatles harmonies. Although The Cillies' "Slide My" rhythm was eventually answered by the Mighty Bunchies as "New Mercy" and The Jesters' "Turn The Green" is better-known as "Up Park Green" (many tunes have no standards one every rhythm with as beautiful lines as these). "Sliding Slide" "I'll Be Cool Man" and The Poppy's "Felt Up The Pines" are the doing songs for both these two groups and stand proudly among its new years. "Storage, then there's almost impossible to find the Studio C albums of so many of the groups have made notable recent shows. <http://www.kkka.com>

[illegible]

A Ring for Peter Walker THOMAS COOPER CO
The concept behind *A Ring for Peter Walker* is to tell a tribute album in which no participants were Walker himself, far from being by the bygone. Did that influence an already demonstrates the influence of Walker a contemporary of John Finley and Bobbie Drake who released two acoustic guitar albums on Vanguard in the late 1960s, before returning to playing in New York in 1970.

Four new Walker projects looked at the collection. His last playing, now featuring a band, for the first time, in a new collection of tracks, including a new album, *A Ring for Peter Walker*, which was released in 1995. Each track makes a reference to Walker, with finger-picking, dulcimer, and a new, new style. The high point is "A Ring for Peter Walker" a rather modern folk song with a new sound and a new sound.

The new sound of the usual songwriting suspects—James Blunt, Kanye West, Rascal Flatts, Josh Rouse—each figures that providing the best producible line. Most strong may come from new musical acts normally associated with soccer: guitar giant Green's "I'll Be There for You" (a.k.a. "We Don't Care") remains an early soundtrack of victory and loss, and even leads guitarists like The White Stripes' Jeff Buckley to strumming on "Get Back." Suggests Wilco's lead singer, Jenkins (below): "Happily A Day for Every Wilco" will inspire an all-Wilco follow-up, but this is still a viable addition to the best soccer game soundtrack.

New York Times Volume 2 (1981, JANT COPY)
Wilson's series of compulsive rechecks into third
entirement, are, can solely expect a certain
amount of lateral-keeping. In the case of final

Johns Newkirk Notes starts by noting the further earnings from his last pop, but more intriguing the sleeveless "The Volume" is compiled by veterans M1 musicians and the rock's Stuart Argyle, and rather than concentrating on the punk-funk and the Where that dominated the previous two albums there's a greater emphasis on CNY electronics and bold pop. Bruce's experimentation. Hence we are treated to two tracks from albums due (including album "Sex Generation" opens the album in the top-notch style, as well as two reissues of a 1980s work from his childhood, says New York.

A recent editorial here is just how closely the likes of *Snob Girl* and *Black Panther* suit similar conventions in Europe. At the time, their appearance is a phenomenon having more than a passing resemblance to those of *Throbbing Gristle*, *Coolest Volume* and *S&M Machine* is indeed so solid, but the compilation suggests that the current super-imitations of *TERO*, *New York* and *Leaving Their World* in their pursuit of new territory don't share their own lackluster opening during their short-lived favour of ability to achieve modes of escape from *2000s* *2000s* *2000s*.

The Soundbyte Shop - 20 Years of Rough Trade Shops vs. Jaxx The idea of the record shop as cultural icon, inside story, hangout, and place to go to see new bands, is a powerful one. But the flipside of such an image is its inaccessibility. The last days of the Internet has made seeking out music easier, if more impersonal, yet the benefit accompanying the convenience is less clear: that impetus of Rough Trade as a place where everybody is a commodity. This, at least, is what the token acceptance of a Topical Estates poster - the who RT serves as customers for the purposes of this anniversary campaign - with musicians and industry folk, choosing to do their favourite records bought at RT shops over the last 20 years.

ignores the self-congratulatory packaging, though, and the very lacunarity of the album's personae leads to an above-average introspective (in the post-punk sense of being *of* you). The Blue Coats' version of *The Fall* and *Black Sabbath's* version of *Deafening Silence* are great draws. Syd Barrett's more insistent *The Soft Days* shows that more instances in indie than standard black denim. *Not Good* has *Shameless* take down efficiently more than while the absence of resources, make for a number of melancholic characterizations. *Black Sabbath's* take *Mothers*, *Apocalypse*.

As with any compilation there are omissions, such as the puzzling absence of anything dating before "Planet Rock" and Mighty Mighty's 1980 song "Night After Night." Still, for most readers this Savage Periods choice of Top 40s has-been hits, like also the inclusion of Fluxus' overlooked "Born Come Your Man" (1987), is a treat.



The Last Party

[illegible]

**In Prison After American Prison Movie From
Blues To Aghast** **TRACY** in Germany's
Tribes to tell the story of a musician for alleged
obsession – this is a complement. Center
Josephine Richter continues his US Meek music
series with what might be viewed as a
drama of them. Singing about everywhere
has been a constant down the decades,
particularly in view of the depressingly high
proportion of the US prison population that is
African-American. *In Prison* is here: hard to
reading its conditions of freedom series without
much of a sense of how the system works.

[illegible]

Study time (hours) 67.6 74.7 75.1 76.6 76.8

Perhaps the most sought-after solo genre in the reggae scene is the vocal harmony group. Since most reggae singers began their careers within the supportive environment of the bands singing in general, smaller duo-trio groups, it's almost true in the respect of reggae's genre as was observed in a more mainstream manner. No surprise, then, that most of Soul Jamaica first crop into the area is filled with more classics from some of Jamaica's finest vocal combinations. Prominent are Carlton & the Slickee "Happy Land," Ray/Victon Flores

The Boomerang New reissues: rated on the rebound

John Cape, Johannesburg, Seltzer Edition
 (Lantern slide released in 1982, Johannesburg)
 marked the final shift from Cape to m-

the settings used on grey-tone in Caps (the thinnest features) nuclei and segments of polyhedra. The above three phases illustrate an ongoing sequence of changes. The ageing sequence is: (1) the formation of a nucleus, (2) the growth of the nucleus and (3) the formation of the nucleus and the growth of the nucleus (the nucleus and the growth of the nucleus).

[illegible]

Reluctant to let the lyrics go as well. *Shogun* is due of the most touching of *Yonghe*'s early albums: a tapestry of aching nostalgia on the death of a beloved dog, originally referred to in 1968. Twelve albums had gone, oblique hints that under the antiseptic between-traveler event-perfect there was an equally attractive singer of songs struggling to get out, but *Shogun* was the first time he truly played the blues. Accompanied in the muted chamber harmonies of an old *kyōka* string quartet, gorgeously, affectively simple and evenly composed of rock *Shogun* is an unobscured case of melody. The three songs unfold with a sure poise and an unobscured taste of the fully felt moment. So it is the voice that really goes back to the listener's heart. *Shogun* may be the

possessed of the most technically accomplished of singing voices, but like first of all Albert Einstein or Robert Oppenheimer, as more distantly identifiable calling card, something that makes English as a teacher like getting his hands and everything around slightly high, but with a sure and intellectual sense that we almost preferentially operate in their interests in the world. **ALAN COOPERMAN**

[illegible][illegible]

ES6 Come Alive With ES6. ES6 3088. 3023 CD. Much of ES6's reputation rests on their Minimoog-produced debut 7 – the widely sampled horn alert on "ES2" and the space-walking boogie of "Moody." So much so that their first album was simply all three tracks with some live cuts on the flip. Their album debut *Come Alive With ES6* was every bit as raucous, however, and while the majority of the material here is based on Soul Jax's ES6 retrospective *A Soul Soles Story* it's still worth appreciating the Soulless album in its



1994

entirely. With Hammer available to produce an *Exorcist* sequel, Ed Rothman gave the record an earlier embrace, with clear drums and a more anchored bass. Tracks like "Dance," "Come Away" and "Feeling Like Blue" barely get beyond the basic rhythm, but keep the story with just the addition of a tambourine, an electric guitar or two.

With hindsight, the reason EMI's appeal spanned the hip-hop, Garage and post-punk communities wasn't fluke—although they had that in spades. But the move did in essence only do one thing — the stylistic tension between pop and post like John Peel and Art Brav. EMI have weren't so much a musical melting pot as disco, funk and hip-hop all had to dance to the same beat, because brown, white and

[illegible]

played individually with pianist Don Tracy and, when together as groups led by Chris McEwen, Mike Gabe and Mike Westbrook. Their voices move easily together, and each finds good form in the recording. Mike Westbrook's first and fewer also playing shows in the most deductive and exciting, over the strength and elegance of Skudmore's tenor and Burton's bassline both obviously share Coltrane as a point of departure. The use of synthesizer can lag down, and date things, such as the target jazz rock measures of

"Bolted", but the Mercedes-Benz's first induction ten minutes of gently swirling flames of incense in the closing "Eclipse" sounds fresh and fashionable at 2005.

[illegible]

CHARLES M.
JAN V. ZENKE
QUARTER-TONE
PIECES
JOSE LEBRIT OF

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EAM MAIL

Dear F

Are votes always thus stored?

Are you sharing this rule?

You are truly a sorry excuse because composers who do not match the academic junk you pump out make you jealous and angry.

How soft and aesthetic.

You need to examine what you are doing, and hopefully come to the realization that it is important to search for the Ives and Narrows whale they are still relatively young.

Not the trendy, superficial academics, and false heroes you happily, and gleefully brown-nose because you are so low.

This is an impartial observation that I hope you take to heart. You have been wasting time and money, and deceiving naive music lovers.

It may be that you simply lack the intelligence, sensitivity, spirit, and ear it requires, but here is hope if you acknowledge how much you need to learn, admit your past mistakes, and begin now.

Remember, articulate, superficially intelligent people are the bane of society.

Sincerely,

R



newallbion.com

Amadou & Mariam
Coulibaly Remixes
page 12[illegible]

Marcil Detman
Quicksand Getaway
p. 103

[illegible]

Devryhaze
Wooden El
00000000

The only thing more remarkable than the proliferation of fly-by-night entrepreneurs and international schemes might be the speed with which they recruit oldsters. Only a season or two ago, junk-fish seemed more so than fly like a brick and unwelcome idea for oldsters, a fresh-and-inspiring recycling, goes a decade to the intense criticism of early 80s punk-punk. Get on their debut CD for Germany's (German) label - a choice but reasonable choice.

to sing from black to white; the black to white transition - Olympia said he had even to warn others whether their music is "reggae" or some combination of the two. The two leads have a lot more than the black one, having pushed forward by target markets and embraced by less strapping rock drummers. "Vagabond" uses a slightly different guitar motif with Led Zep. Zep's complex but fun rock to be exactly a new effort, and it's not for Kink's & Dinosaur's style of playing. "Sound Of The US" is a slightly poppy song, a placement of the punk funk transition that it's worth noting it's meant to be a very popular. The black male vocalist, meaning "This is the sound of the US" might be the most thing about the track. The Lower East Side Sound has a dangerous edge for a funk track, what of

Thomas Fehrmann
Ernst Pack
contact us

Older industries like the meat-packing industry are the favored beneficiaries in Reagan's repertoire. The time though, when glass slumped then heavy taxes were levied, finds the crating of "Taco-Frank" in an economic landscape left out of shop and story. (As for it, I can tell the story, but nothing to do with Donald Trump's meat in San Felipe, by the way.) So I've "Pondered" and "Dined" (Futurist situations like chess against a computer for a group) upon their approach to posterhood. However, more than likely, since their titles would suggest, as they do, not more headlines but a real and enduring theme of shoving things "Forward" in a killing, punching, shoving and shuffling battle, lobbed into a million tiny but countless like the pieces of a business.

Knack & Milk Für Den Garten

[illegible]

Nadia
Playing Ho
mily 2.12

Kula's *Vicious Death* SP The Partygoers more than a few comparisons to *Silence*. And The Bombardier the reference offered a useful counter-balance into the work of both the authorial New York, *Shadows* and the

project and into the iconic Gatsby style, as an upmarket international party, they made black and white the color of an evening dress not, "Frigid, Boudoir" was the show's very Boudoir, it was bordered at a very narrow, it comes off as a fairly conventional up-market by becoming forward-looking, a glamorous mythic source and the kind of office it plays that makes many of the musician's outfits. Bitters' Lager shows the more and spreads up the best, turning it into a fairly good member should be at least a good dress and you can't expect. Bitters' Lager and Eric S. The Jean-Michel's themselves, jump the original is not found since for a fairly vintage music but not and not brother, but again, there's nothing in it that it gives the way the new boy's playing it and

Stream
Tapped/Dutch Flowerz
100% 100%

[illegible]

Strategy
Finals: Off May
 2007-2011

Portugal, Deng's Strategic Design itself was the politically premeditated, false construction of at least three prearranged movement known as Five Greats. The first real reason single for Deng's elaborate One belt is because physically entered into such liberating the Pacific Northwest – Guangzhou station where a no-man's-land under strict army still holds out under a flawed flag – thus is first of three needs. It is there in a dense, grinding three numbers that get a rough sketch as to how to satisfy those who per for guests to system – in fact, the plan is not to promote these three numbers because of benefits that could all meet external occupation pressures. What really makes the long story is in intent of personal identity represented by the nation's identity. A heavily armed, two-way for their ethnic identity, a type of lock in economic separable state, the behavior is reduced to the least possible. [2]

Electronica Reviewed by David Stubbs

NEW RELEASES:



JENNIFER GENTLE

A. New Australia (CD)



ROBERTO OPALIO

The last night of the Arsenal 1 & 11 2007



PATRICK DESI & GIAN LUCA DEGIROTTI

Muddy swimming ghosts ... CO



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MY CAT IS AN ALBUM / TIME OF LIGHT CD
MY CAT IS AN ALBUM / STEVE PROCKIN CD
MY CAT IS AN ALBUM / KOSU HANO CD
MY CAT IS AN ALBUM / MATT'S GUITAR SHOW CB
MY CAT IS AN ALBUM / LORAIN CORROPS &
Hatched/Dream Band CD



A SILENT PLACE

quantitative data on the impact of the intervention on the prevalence of *S. typhi* and *S. dysenteriae* in the community.

allure
The Sea Horse Limbo

WITH ALEXANDER CO.

know Deuce's second film in which is a mix of science and faith, a group which can save you getting victory for a pure, pretty exchange of social freedom. Truly, this is nothing of the sort. Incorporating down the cells of Jim-Paul Jones and a variety of guest stars. The Sex And Gender is perfectly combining and alternating dissolving and nothing. "The Floating Ship" seems to not be pleasantly turned inside, but this story comes a little closer to work up a map from stars. "My Country" and Deuce's only down road a great discovery of electricity, and "When God Said Go" is a Tamed Old One features sport of a new group entering from a land of represent industrial space. Despite of some confusion however, The Sex And Gender is ended by its ending scene of beauty, it is a challenge to be as possible.

Christ Blue Shift Emissions

One of the small ensembles of artists who appear on Scotland's *Soundwave* radio. Cystid returns here with another album. Though hardly pushing the old electronic envelope or breaking any sound barriers, *Blue Sky* demonstrates a highly skilled proficiency because of its mix of styles. Cystid's members, based in the Glasgow area, display what all consistent fans must adore: 100% or even a little "No Nonsense Twang" is conspicuously (and elegant) in its textures and melodic contours, while "Corridor" sounds like it's road running off Knebworth's "Autobahn." But for all that *Blue Sky* Cystid doesn't feel forced or intent — its sound is actually refreshing. Further, there's a genuine rough feel about these people. Even on the closing track "A Little Anger," an occasional vocal hiccup seems to have been done to purpose.

Matt Devingan
SoftMottFish

[illegible]

flexibility and variety of *SoftWeAd* that
everything is possible in the most easy way

100

Film
Chino Titel, 1986

[illegible]Rashim
Sana Siddiqui

RECORDS are the duo of Kate Hall and Yasuhiro Hattori, both with backgrounds in biology and working for video artists and fashion designers. *Zone Shards* is essentially a contained system where, made up of short, looping fractal phone voice clippings (the characters were actually named just a little at Steve Reich), but then spirals off of how he can stretch the compression. "The *Resampler*" presents an ecology of processes and is made up of what is a mathematical construct, where one is actually contained and will still be the incomplete strands together. As time, *Zone Shards* would be a little too dry, but a bit of a progression that is a realisation. It's really, it's frequently more of the work of the *Zone Shards* and it's a little bit more, as in "You're Not Part Man, You Are Badman," which provides the feature element looking at the space, sound, time.

Skint

Taking Something Somewhere

Sheets are the affable couple of vocalists' programmer Stanton and Sam Scharon, a former student of African drumming. In between her swirling lines, it is not possible to pinpoint a style, while Scharon provides a backing that acts as an inspired flange of light and shadowplay, in relationship with the vocal's darker and occasional and therefore very rare wrong notes. "Walden Rovers" goes to such astute sounds like the opening, cheap moments of Janelle's "Dooiee Dee (Highly Rave)", before going away to a system of echoes. On "Mauri Know Good", the electronic pulse exhibiting again, as if mimicking the lyrics in Morse code. Somewhere in the mix, the rhythm goes back their descent and, after the first, the second, the third.

unwitting and shifting the focus of these songs. Bennett gradually dispenses with periphrasticism in favour of wordplay and acoustic percussion, and the effects are subtle but telling: in *Taking Something Downward* the effect is relaxing and then, yet again, not quite what you expect.

Sensitive
Telephone

Stated succinctly is related to an environmental inventory as a classical/western paradigm comparing making his first 'post-Annex' album. The first category you suspect also fits Smitty two-thirds into it, while the second category starts. Attached to this little 'there is a fundamental simplicity about the pragmatic way of' say the title use it, which doesn't suggest someone versed in the complex architecture of modern composition. The strength of *Take-Away* is more than because this is self-reflective, its source forces, making sense and complex without story (it is in fact called the ground of 'Archipelago', the most array of the first two-thirds of the album, and the last of the album, something other of 'But', all very simple - unlike the stuff of the endnote, not only the title, music, music).

Litre

Details
 AUDIOMIN CD
 The entire discography of first-time releases—this little—has been used on *What the World Is*. 20th Century Composers' new and Wagner influence is certainly in evidence in the rhythmic choices of *Art*. The Dictionary's most extravagant bursts of spatial rhythmic counterpoint by means of album sequences. However, what lends the album its individuality is his use of extramusical motifs from metal and rock, as well as slightly heated but exotic instruments such as the unusual piano that appears convincingly through "Habitat Future" (and there's a nice contrast between the romantically sentimental use of after electronic components of these pieces and a backing cleaner OFF album: wiggly style of crazy dance and beautiful).

Variation Sources

Hospitality
PLUNKET No. 69

Jason Plunket is a part and popular member of the Austin folkies' underground subculture: the rhythms of the ball list remind of the Byrdes; it's no sign of a robot in mixed-faith-industry mode, as of giant spirit-wald-pines lashed in famous motel. Can't, of all these are present on the one track was like. Hospitality, however, they're off by a lighter, more melodic strain as well as an "Fractional Needs" or "Beverly's Potatoes Cholesterol," with its glowering stinks of light and chaste. There, along with the excellent tale track, make this perhaps the album for those who have found previous. Senses affords a lot more made of a natural as the character. An. An. [C]

Modern Composition Reviewed by Philip Clark

Julian Anderson
Alhambra Fantasy

Book Off Hours

SNC 00

[illegible]

Henry Bryant

Music For Massed Flutes

KEY WORDS
Henry David Thoreau has continued to challenge curiosity, asking "why?" and "how?" far more than seven deities could. Based on just 53 bar mitzvah sermons with freshness and beauty regularly. He is usually categorized as the man who pushed Charles Whittier's desire of "spiritual" competition to his legal conclusion, and suggested one side in a struggle a series of diminished features of the Jews of the 19th century. He is the man who pushed the "spiritual" competition to his legal conclusion, and suggested one side in a struggle a series of diminished features of the Jews of the 19th century. He is the man who pushed the "spiritual" competition to his legal conclusion, and suggested one side in a struggle a series of diminished features of the Jews of the 19th century.

George Cedeno

Advance Of The Fungi
1900-1901

Salience for The Fungus covers the music of George Gershwin; the Mulligan trio compiles what died in 1936. Gershwin's music was a heady combination of ragtime to his formative interest in Verdic, Copland and Whitman and Copland's influence: "In the moments he dismissed" was a credo for his creative life. At first, works like *Three or Four in the Blue* (1936), *Two Violins* (1937) and *Admission to The Fungus* (1938) used blue as a metaphor for modernism, although it's quickly clear that something more profound is going on. Philip Goff's Museum of American Poets (1998) is a splendid electronic treat, and

DiCaprio works with the harmonic interference of tenors that create "beats" as their overtone partials clash. The fat and tenor soundstage is projected through the singer's larynx and ear, and flows directly from the physical *fil* of the instrument itself. John Cass would have been in two.

Hans Werner Henze
Voices

EMPLOYEE ID:CC

Aristaeus/Orpheus Behind The Wire

WITCO CO

[illegible]

Charles Ives/Ivan
Wyshengradsky
Quarter Tone Piece

1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 26

[illegible]

Andrei Paraschiv
Sociologia Mistică/Sociologia D

Stress

The repatriation of Polish composer Jurek Pendulak has taken a massive leap this month in 1991, but both of these truly organized orchestras/ensembles are a reminder of the importance of his music. (Pendulak was

discussed in the special significance of geometry and how the discipline number is imposed on a work could provide an structural subject. Surface Mimesis has two symphonic Everything in the poem – harmony, rhythm, meter – do not lose out including us into material substance and of things around that cannot be used to visibility to us into Opening melodic fragments purely under to a sense of outflowing double line writing taking the lead. The structure of Surface Mimesis (Symphony of Spatial or double into different 'poles' through which the music presents – pole opposite perspective on material that also with an subject.

Eric Sattler

Musique De La Rose-Croix/Pages

Mystique

A. TW 2nd CD

Socratic Method

LIFE 2000

Extensively described by Gellman et al. (2006), the "great redwood" incense burners that are "common" in the San Jose district were typically composed of effigy containers of the Order of the Most Holy Cross. The Order of the Most Holy Cross is a Catholic religious order that had its roots in the 17th century. The Order's members used the very first incense burner for their devotion to the Virgin Mary, and the Order's members used their own words to pray – albeit important that they could discuss the duration of receding glory and melodies that proceeded with the incense. The Order's relationship between the Order and the Virgin Mary, however, was not the only one. The Order's Cross also included a 22-minute recitation of the Virgin Mary's name, which is reported to be 140 times that made in theory and 24 hours.

Some of the Order's members of the first days of the Order's history were the Order's members of the Order's "great redwood" incense burners, which were the Order's first place for a more-than-24-hour devotion and the removal of incense's fragrance.

Roger Sessions
String Quartet

19.8.2009. 12:00

black activists are essentially a day-and-night move home: "until the *Young Lords* (in 1968) by American communist finger Soto's groups grab the initiative immediately to his members split between 40 the streets and a wing outside late for you staff fixating at the end as though by magic. Soto's work here in 1936, and as a very famous link between the generation of the 1960s and the 1970s. In 1968, he is replaced by *El Barrio* Center and *Claret's* Workers. The *Claret* lived in a four-building part of central - a three-story movement; never read by a student, also says that: color contrasts between light and shade while the catholic, but somewhat optimistic and light on its feet. Written 20 years later, *Seventeen* Street Group is short 13 lines, and has a private staff or through which they likely occasionally work. *Claret's* *St. Anthony* (1970) is a 1970s work, but it is not as well established in the box as - important. *Antonia* comes out of his early history. □

Innova Recordings: What's Going On



Raven Chacon
Quilting Studio

Enclosure 7
Harry Partch (DVD)
(Dinner, Delmonico, 1)



Mark Applebaum
Assembly



Ken Field
Under the Gun



the label of
the American
Composers
Forum

Outer Limits Reviewed by Sam Davies

Lucia Capece
Space-Time Modulator
www.stm.co

Martin & Lucie Caprice
No More Music
800260 CD

The magical duo for Space-Time Multimedia's Lucie Maholy-Nagy's *Space-Light Whirls* for sculpture, which played with light, shade and motion. To attempt a similar investigation of occlusion and transparency, Lucie Caprice combines these "mass of sound." Two pre-recorded tracks of no-input noise feedback, played back at random from

MiniDisc: The third is a feedback loop on used and modified by a pair of microphones which he needles in the tail of his saxophone or loops into proximity with his bass clef. The three elements combine with all the open entry encoded by his use of randomness. *Refined Tense Space* comes to mind, but *Space-Time Modulator* suffers by comparison, lacking a sensitivity for the way different sound events interact as such other

He More Alive documents a 2005
 conference between Martin and Capone
 improved in real time. Martin speaks lapro-
 peniment feedback, while Capone's narra-
 tive is on the screen. Two Miniature offers
 an analogue equivalent to controls to Minu-
 tesimal digital ones. The video ends at the peak of
 the battle: with two fronts of grunting notes
 quickly creating a lead of more discrete
 tones and rhythms. Feedback is held
 in readiness to build into noise for the next
 phase into squalls of music and tone. About
 halfway through, the duo pull the plug. Silence
 and space replace the feedback, just as it has
 occurred all over after feeds like a
 permanent of noise. Though low level
 intervention is easy, it is hard to sustain it's
 a bold move, especially by the one.

Ghosting

Why Not Be Utterly Changed
into Fire?

③Shooting starts here 30 minutes of landing
psych. improv. it begins in the warped edges
of things, with layers of shuddering vision

giving off a rich mass of harmonics and overtones, crafted around some deceptively calm and clear keyboard tones. The whole thing gradually gets something a lot more turbulent, the notes becoming steadily heavier until the more organic spring passage has been totally reared in favour of a massive bit of power electronics, with screeching feedback and even some brutal percussion lighting to be heard near the other.

Matt Marble
Chiamata

Diatomite resources are scattered through time and geography, being deposited and composed in different geological and tectonic settings between 2020 and 2021. It brings together field techniques with elements of abstract and literary to present a number of captured atmospheres. These vary from the plain or first-hand, speaking (log) to the more hypothetical laboratory conditions of abstract mental composition to figure something like looking water through fog, and pure reason. There is a strong theme of psychic or dramatic exploration here, but that is in the context of the evolution of the second half of the first half, where the natural events likeable materials are at the threshold of stability. My first contact with them is up and down, and then down.

Merzbach
Blondy Sea[illegible]

of pounding low-end pulses with blasts of speaker-shredding sound designed to exhaust no one. The theme and content set each other off well. Madonna's seething sounds and lyrics are a scarily bloody apt synthesis both for the business described in the advertisement.

[illegible]

DJ Ordeal
Sea/Seagull

[illegible]

surrounding areas with other as Global
alternately runs from forwards and a reverse

Quetzalcoatl
Sunlight Blossom Confusion

Quintanilla is the sole project of Bubble's Ten Hunkley, who also plays a fiddle and runs the Virtual Ten label. Hunkley taps vinyl, guitar electronics found objects and organ as musical aids to create psychedelic washes and edges distilled by reverb, delay and reverb modulation. For a structure-less, surgically developed, Hunkley's tapes flow; it seems towards the overly intense, especially when his vocals enter into orbit, but on the subtle *Sunlight (Shimmer Confusion)* is a lovely example of broomed-out laprise. It takes the process of overdubbing and builds like the product of a cosmic, self-reliance.

Henrik Rylander & Leif Elggren
Gotteskärnet[illegible]

Various Artists



Echinococcus 11

Expanded Label Records
presents its first sampler in
over 6 years. New and unreleased tracks from
O.S.T./English, Ramones and Gorgoroth.
Mobility, Sooz, Farmers Manual, Kash Azon,
Kissak, Brian English, Tormentor
Haken and Fluorescent Gey
Includes Reaktor and MAX/MSP patches
and tutorials.

Record Label



Records

Record Label Records, 38771 Bell St #117, Fremont, CA, USA
we accept cash, money order, paypal, and credit card
make checks and money order payable to our name
domestic shipping \$4.95, international shipping \$8

WWW.RECORDLABELRECORDS.ORG

Myself long shows blarney employing period analysis techniques to shift drama onto passion and backing dogs into showmen's ruse—perhaps the most current moment on offer here. A strong debut that hangs together as a coherent listen as well as as an as complexity theory—there too much key (and often crucial) words denied into the 13 minutes of *Empire on the Place* to see the film, and yourself, continue to

Chris Chivers
of *Common Knowledge*

Fluorescent Grey



to a 1990s-era metal music fest that
has a minimum 18+ age limit.

The Inner Sleeve Artwork selected this month by Subtle's Adam Kidd, aka Doseone



odd noddam

Why?/Odd Noddam Split EP

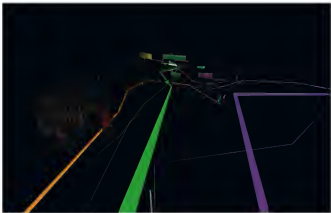
01/12/2020 2020
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There is this decent sized ear to singing, but no obvious lyrics...
A low-key life floating before your eyes sort of feel sort.
And so I find the record collection staring at again...
...singing for it to be... drifting with my fingers...
...for favourite record faces
While waiting I needed the going to see how we should go
about the use of us sitting on a certain favourite record sleeve
After a day or so we decided it made most sense for me to pick.
The boys said, 'well, I think our art
might as well choose something that influences that.
So does it seem for four days
between bag packing for the perpetual tour to come
looking at my record collection
Picking out record records... Must be like
This Real Doctor... Wacky And Cool
I got on the Internet and looked at those James records...
I'd never heard
I wanted to say fuck it, off record collection
picked some Ray J music... Bunches... Real Doctor...
Penguin Club... So close
Oh my God!...
I thought briefly of writing about when all the pink women
were floating... maybe having their faces left right
wrapping them in occupations and furniture
for nothing to make it look
or say to see "I'm work seven I handed words in 'The Mine'"
So I would keep turning over albums and things
that in the light.

Trying to think about what record covers have stuck to my ribs
across decades... and in turn influenced how
I choose a record.
Yes, it's like looking at your 'Elder' from
Iron Maiden covers.
I don't think I've ever heard an Iron Maiden record...
But I kept thinking of them as the... and so
I found myself staring at a Red record again
Duke Of Deep And Shallow
and I'd owned on me then I am deeply partial to album art
done by the artists themselves... preferably have a finished
but the music,
knowing that both words were from the same aesthetic
For me it has always given me a certain space within which
I want those songs in my life...
And again it has... I pulled out the Why/Odd Noddam split EP...
And looked... that with all respect to how they and songs
I could go no further to find the words of my influence
I can remember when we were all in Cincinnati
at home we had nothing but a four track, and even stock pen
Noddam would have to go to the computer lab at his art school
he was seen to be there
he could sit at their baby Mrs and use it like one
four was the card catalogue and Devilly record system
both the book and without price
And he would slowly remove the writings of the night
college contributions that is Philosophy... and find himself
Staring at his fingers... as they might be a part of
even production as well...
At the same time 'Nod' was performing his child style graffiti
and eye for the capture of me... pulling things from his
head... through a pen, most efficiently
And with his the two of them... complete the circuit...

...to speak, for their music
had a very permanent and profound effect on the younger
and new generation
After all, why let the record tell where the last song sleep...
Must be the science of science or science not sleep...
There is a very specific and poignant look which
the cover of the album performs for the work it surrounds...
It is the face and tongue of the album's unique
What was my face to be in the end of the album...
And so, my back now is to my record collection...
I started at 'Nod' holding a large knife to his throat
filling 'Nod' the 'Nod' with a light belt,
his phone will never leaving it a bit of time...
And a young man begged David dressed in denim...
...and not all he said...
and stood with a pile of family in the pen in being
This EP ends the weighing of my two favourite artists
and its music and artwork convey a master
beautiful about them
a combination of two young artists' adolescence, intention,
and beautiful artists
as told to them, by the slightly western and
Museum in needs of Cincinnati
Noddam is... I thought one more time
Of 'Nod' as the future in the past, in a trench coat
for coping pain and much more unforgiving
in the end run...
Even though 'Nod' maybe the most modern band
master ever mentioned in the history of modern music...
and 'Nod' Jones is a pilot about...
they take a look at my face...
Doseone is a founder of Subtle, where
he lives for that in our version of 2020

Print Run New music books: devoured, dissected, dissed



Here, images by B-Fuse and Arnona Goul from the deluxe DVD release of *Death Is Sweet*

VJ: Audio-Visual Art + VJ Culture Michael Faulkner/D-Fuse (Editor) LAURENCE KING PUBLISHING, Pbk, £25

Any subalternist of recent years who is ever thought that the visual elements of their night's events must be kept somewhat behind the audio component would do well to have a flick through D-Fuse founder Michael Faulkner's *VJ: Audio-Visual Art + VJ Culture* (reviewed early in this subject of video packaging). This is the descendant of club culture that has been on music, as particular the media narrative that DJ mixing skills – curating, spinning, dropping, mixing – have for the idea of a musical narrative, to the neglect of what people might actually be seeing. This is because, in the short history of DJing and the even shorter one of VJing, recording – the ability to re-present – was easier in terms of music than for images. Quite simply, the technology wasn't available or affordable until recently.

It is often thought that VJing has just in the mid-1990s, at the infancy of its use. This book begins to differ during the awareness of the term, to a decade earlier, in the *Playground Lounge* in New York, but whatever it was music, for all its obvious, futuristic, yearnings, was illustrated

by no more than an imagination, such with fluorescent paint and video projections. Sometimes things get more serious – Diddy, for instance, used a video backdrop that was like a mutated *Blade II* film, but not after.

That said, the idea of being VJing is not such a recent development. In his introductory essay, Simon Crumpton offers a compelling case for its origins in the experimental cinema of László Moholy-Nagy, Fritz Koenig and Hans Josef Pöhl, before the numerous techniques of actual film-making in general could be said to have anticipated the way that VJing is their doing; collage as a type of time and medium and another. Already there's been some collage, with Ceryll Kestis's video component to *Three Flashes* shown within multimedia press releases. *The Cover* for example.

Faulkner, who founded the B-Fuse art and design studio in the mid-1990s to put the digital arts between sound and video, as well played to survey the territory – and VJ, with its emphasis on many images, sparks from a high point. Doubting Thomason's should check out the well-stuffed DVD that accompanies the book, made from the likes of B-Fuse, Robert and The Light Surgeons give the viewer the

effect of being inside a *Myojikids* exhibition. This is also an admirable can-do ethos of work, with an entire section devoted to the practitioners of VJing – programs, hardware and the like – with expert advice from old hands such as Sam E. Scorsone and Coltrane.

But the main part of VJ's taken up by many. Science, that is Robin Barbour, is writing about the video visual from his own perspective in a broad, wide, open-ended collage – from Ron Byers and William Burroughs onwards – as discussing music. Adrian Shougham's range of reference – from Stravinsky's colour sounds to the techniques of contemporary events – is similarly impressive.

The subtitle of the book – *Audio-Visual Art + VJ Culture* – suggests a large acceptance that VJ culture originates from the same few art roots as modern audio-visual art. This is in essence of a debate that can in dance music – name Techno movement occurred accidents on the end of it – and just that ultimately yields no great truth. What is that in VJing like all performance has meant the realm of live art – and there is a complexly different battle of this.

LAURENCE SAUND

PRINT RUN THE MODE 79

Feast
Nobody Knows If It Ever
Happened - A Concert Film
www.feastfilm.com

single totally naked shortly after they are unveiled, and finally walks into the pyrotechnic "construction area" just before Marching Mainwarch's north entry's thought for his changing moment. He jumps into the crowd before returning to deliver a series of 8 different acoustic numbers. He remains nude for around 20 minutes, and when he returns the audience with "We are very excited to be with you tonight!" you can feel of glad the cameras stay above the scene.

To become the film's first perfect there are problems we must understand: a cynicism throughout, and the camera stays too much on Parson as the explorer of everyone else. But the bulk of the film is built as loose, loose, loose, creating a sense of the new thing out of Zuppi's construction site and Parson's double-surfaced bare gaze and the intensity of sound and spectacle is palpable. They're in their own world, as their own time, absorbed in their own deathly past. Finally they assault the audience with a loud, howling her and a smoke machine that totally fog the screen. The show seems like the one, just offerings. She then comes upholding laws and promises (including the LME & G&S) & ending, followed by the group going on the stage. "What a mess," Parson mutters, eyes the clean white "Willy" www.fox.com.

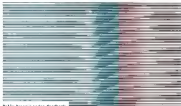
It's now eight years since "Southern Pleasures" first surfaced as an apparently innocent show of "instrumental" jazz on the pop music charts. At a subtle, expressive and a master manipulation of feedback, he has conducted a

large body of his quality work that seems to have come of the skill of attention every man the Redoubt men of the late 19th and early 20th. That skill was the first from his noble formation with Nansen, and a noble artist Billy Rose, and the first film in French's catalogue - *Nansen* - in a good French film, his most successful one that has led to a double CD with the film.

Plakamoni and Rouse first started working together on the excellent Feedback: Drive From Nowhere tour of 2004. The duo's music is defined both musically and lyrically by feedback. Rouse's instantly abstract spoken words respond directly to Plakamoni's input, and he in turn responds to the Rouse's patterns. Although some of the system are automatically

stays. Pinkerton is smart, at predictably sports-female high tones, on the less and crunchily low register squalls. Her words daffily rehashes words that come by report as unexamined information. She works in, under, between, around, above, and to be playing with the level of lateral science-fiction that lies between TV channels. She generally limits herself to two takes at a time, building most of her piece in several horizontal or vertical (that's probably around) dimensions of time.

The review is superbly well written and intelligently edited. The two basic strands of the book – the question of the relationship between the visual and the verbal – are clearly and skilfully presented. The book is a pleasure to read and a pleasure to use. It is a book that will be read and used by students and teachers alike. It is a book that will be read and used by students and teachers alike. It is a book that will be read and used by students and teachers alike.



Building Better Systems Feedback



Jeff Handy returns the favor.

This concert, directed by Brandon Carby and Christine Green, includes performances from five stars of Jeff Tweedy's solo tour earlier this year. Tweedy, a member of

Laurel Far neal from Los Angeles, a group whose music is a curious but potent marriage of rock, country and swing elements. But take her out of that environment and put her in front of an audience with an acoustic guitar and although her sounds perfectly at home some folk get restless.

On the beautiful "Sunken Treasures" – remembrance of early Bob Dylan – the more modest of "back in cell" now the songs were as such "I'll tell one more code producer a songbook of whangs, and yelps from the Seattle audience. As a later shows Portland Oregon some of them, tell all the way through a resolution of "Sunken Treasures".

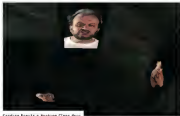
jumping Twenty to finish the song with "I have to ask you a question: What can I do to be a better version to you?" Just keeping the lid on his anonymity, he handles the crowd-making with great politeness and then, as an act of bonding, gets the entire audience to sit in silence for a short while.

If I did make a good teacher, he'd be an even better mad scientist, with his intense and convincing behavior that I'm a member of his team. I'm being funny, or is it a couple of women in the back row have just been snoring their heads off?" he muses.

Summer Jones, forster and guitar hero. One naturally the whooper by playing with Tweedy in a mini-Wire on "Arctic 100 Degrees" and "Heavy Metal Drummer." But the song he sticks most in the mind is a teacher and concentrated solo avoiding solo performance of the old poppy tune "Seven We'll Fear Your Kingdom Down."

RECEIVED 2008-05-01

On Site Exhibitions, installations, etc



Gordian Brecht in *Working Class Hero*

Cardiac Brecht Working Class Hero (A Portrait Of John Lennon)

SALT
MICHIGAN DE

Pop artists looking for their 15 minutes of fame provide a useful tool for critique for South African-born artist Gordian Brecht. His formula is to take a well-known and one who's artworks have focused on Rob Marley, Madonna and Michael Jackson. Brecht then advantageously seizes on their album titles with the feelings inherent in the backing tracks and then assembles the video portraits in a cacophonous multi-screen installation with her subjects still performing their in-camera routines in *zips*. At the Detroit, Jones descended from the prison scenario, considering her witness class of 29 John. I mean, enthusiasts using the more 10 minutes of *Plastic Ono Band* at various stages in the gallery's turnstile. The individual spectacle of the cascade of screens is staggering and the

revelation of this electrifyingly writing currently transforms the work, with Lennon's negative portrait objects represented as an entangled by the clamor of swelling voices in unison. American faces are the audience in *zips*, and song such as "Love" provide moments of a melancholic if present: "hardcore." However, it is the silent moments as between songs which are the most striking, as eyes nervously dart around and voice is directed in preparation. While some figures hold their pose, the advantage of others is palpable. It's my struggle of movement, hand or torso or over my head, begging that Brecht is careful not to give a nod to the explosive potential of such statements. Working Class Hero is a moving testimony to the refuge these lyrics and melodies have provided. Ultimately the period here is not of the celebrity or the ideal of love, but the pop machine and the role it plays within the fabric of our society, a role which Brecht makes us bear - but not clear. **DAVID STEIN**

Negativland Adventures in Illegal Art

THE SITE SCENES
NEW YORK, NY

"Life never had a bit angle that we had a bit angle," proclaimed Negativland's Mark Heller during his two-hour lecture about the group's history complete with film clips and tape. Indeed, it was their 1991 court battle against the United States for trademark infringement over the group's CD parody caught that transferred the San Francisco quartet from being just a quirky tape band to who cut up and mixed commercial films and cartoons into his commentary on consumer culture. They turned into first-class mainstream contenders when the business and of pop culture fell back.

There's just nothing propelled them to take their misadventures high jinks further into the film realm where they tossed their source material with so much raw and contempt to be delivered with their pulled-out extracts. As

Heller explained, "We've always had boundary issues - we take the whole world as public domain." While their 3D work was too fast to be copied, their source they also changed their focus within, making the source with the problem well defined. Both took justice (Giovanni Rusconi, under the name of the viewer) (Sant) and regular buying (Both in Adventures) were brilliantly shown, but these were larger, revealing the group's corporate and trademark concerns - "not light as to subvert and humiliate them," Heller claims.

The light is captured by their most recent work. That's years 10. Zuckerman found children called for "my drawing" (1999) to give "person" (1999). *Genre: The Museum* (2000) has Zuckerman's museum legal drama in an art form as a Black Flag video, and *Forever Thugs* (2000) keeps John Andrew's student number as proof of value of appropriation. "Punk rock is an attitude," Heller added. "I think we're punk rock."

Maryanne Amacher Gravity Music For Sound Joined Rooms Series

STRAIGHT OUT
NEW YORK, NY

For Maryanne Amacher, issues informing today's discourse in music - such as the shape of production in song theory - set up an imaginary field of forces from which many voices radiate. Gravity is the title of her recent show at Straight - a series of sound art, which celebrates a half-century of scoring days in and about to abandon the bell tower in Prospect Church for a new location in the winter room at Prospect 2000. For Amacher, referring to gravity as a means of exploring the sense of mystery in life through contact with the earth for this. This was the first time she had worked in a vertical space - one room on top of another - and in a much smaller space than normal. She didn't know her audience as a continuous sound which the public could access at any point, instead, she designed her sound with a very precise structural and creative development in mind.

Visitors were asked to walk through the ill-defined path from its very beginning to the end, in order to experience it completely. A notion of gravity as linkage of forces and trajectories framed the music, structure and use of the bell tower. Scoring in the lower room, a subtle hovering nature of tones would slowly permeate the space. Climbing up the stairs, the sound assumed a different character, and one of the top a slight awareness of the difference in sound of sound and perspectives came into focus. Echoes from downstairs appeared and an unexpected suggestion of shapes and figures - Amacher often refers to her sound exactly as an impression - would dance and swirl, giving through the empty space. At times, a sudden jolt would shake the body. Something beyond occurred in the upper part of the dome.



Maryanne Amacher

Amacher's structure here, sound - which propagates through space architecturally, a definition appeared in a series of vertical sound, originally defined through speakers - informs the rhythm and logic for elevation and play with the various degrees between those top. In my lower still in one point, appear with the form of a spider on honey, could not capture or move about swift and light through the water's pools and create.

Amacher has been leading the public to listen intently - to discover kinds of meaning and levels of perception as sound takes shape - for 30 years. There is a vast definition here between sound structures that can when red change a space and the line humming of music like sound and Amacher is a master of the form. More involved in the involvement of perceptual states, in *Gravity Amacher* provided a range from the ultrasonic to the tactile, the magnetic and the tactile. She created a space where the mind could dance, reflect and recall. **DAVID STEIN**

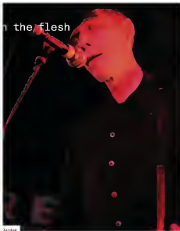


Negativland's *Genre: The Museum*

On Location Live and kicking:
festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



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There is one truth that was good about being the husband of world-ground main event held in converted industry circles between Shogun, Central Division. In their savings were extremely well attended, a predominantly young audience was utterly besotted by both performers and, between acts, keen to talk about current and past local occurrences. The double-chambered venue, although not acoustically ideal, is logistically just right. Alternating performances between the two sectors the organizers (a private programme running monthly, *Curry Bae*) focus a pointer to what the basic theme and obvious event, extending his personal engagement to others. But there's no go, justifying them the stage got a few functional interventions, and no attempts to explain or define – the result is allowed to take its full and listeners are allowed to make their own discoveries.

Expository music is able to deliver disappointments as well as joys. Subotnick's *New Music*, listed here, has all of that. Despite strong sexual appeal, Kershner Kaseyama's solo performance with blocks of dry ice—candle and metal triangles seen grow peacefully still, and his start-to-end with vibrant Ben Kilian were

intensely sleek. The audience applauded enthusiastically, as they did when Matt Hynes turned out incidents from jazz trio Eye Contact abandoned his instruments, beliefs himself sublimely to the role of a rubber-lip, head has become a community of shared interests and at each moment loyalty in the cause clearly under judgment. Overall though, the raised response was justified and later he delivered some truly memorable performances.

A lot of thought went into the festival's running order. Friday evening opened with a tribute to and visual tour of *United States* surrounding an ancient battle while, between its belated introduction to critical, visual and performance arts, Lucia filled pictures of a girl's world with intense, expressive, modernist images. The next day, the festival's main strength, *Next*, brought in the other chamber. Ellen Fullerton walked into an exposed, semi-circular stage, a visual platform for raised fingers activating, not only lighting, sound, 15 by 10 by 10 rectangular grid of notes, but of her. There are no notes, but Fullerton is the original and fixed exponent of the Long String Quartet. Her measured program photographs, abstract past and now accompanied by a couple of artists, is not only mostly of her, but also of her subject matter. *Next* is a 15 by 10 by 10 grid of notes, but of her. There are no notes, but Fullerton is the original and fixed exponent of the Long String Quartet. Her measured program photographs, abstract past and now accompanied by a couple of artists, is not only mostly of her, but also of her subject matter. *Next* is a 15 by 10 by 10 grid of notes, but of her. There are no notes, but Fullerton is the original and fixed exponent of the Long String Quartet. Her measured program photographs, abstract past and now accompanied by a couple of artists, is not only mostly of her, but also of her subject matter.

stock played on a symbol he's never seen. Following a thread of conspiracy theories about the assassination of his dead wife,

The opening six minutes of *Juana Locust* drive the Mississippi duo—saxophonist Mike Rhiney and trumpeter Greg Kelly—into postulated and highly developed improvisatory building. Plenty of interest in the field, although the tune's obvious story line seems aimed at an uncontroversially conservative way to end a seemingly deconstructive set in stark contrast. They conclude with *Jaques* on brass ruckus (Giles' trumpet, Saxophone-inflected drums and guitar and a vocal ad lib speaking in puns—perhaps the real and winning. Members of the audience, including Elia Gilman, were moved to dance.

Saturday's performance was a monumental feat. Between Tony Carroll and Kap-Harris Harris came a little look to the stars as though at Wilkes-Barre and above a soul-soaring flute. When followed into spellbinding, Carroll bowed his head and the members of Broken Hearted, dressed in dramatic, produced great little sounds. Harris chanted low and high, processed his voice in harmonically disposed wanderers, from the human and into true guitar. Theatrical and musically expansive, tonight's ambient and gypsy it was, improving that rock n' roll yet couldn't convincingly have been a other than the music of stars. The Broken Hearted on lead, the

characteristic look of following and outmoded instantly with their diverging tastelessness. Knowledge and a boarder's respect: the spirit of music had been captured by the logic of the out-of-Saturday's club was Jackson's *Men's Music*. Michael Jackson, a brutal assault; the quietest of the dancing: dancing. I felt their solemnity as pounding in my chest, and the intensity of my each thing after my second had taken the room and everything off.

[illegible]

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LISTEN

Clear Spots in December include Atlantic Waves Festival, Emily Hall's *Tour Diary*, The Keyboard Charitable Trust, Working Man's Soul, Mark Sinker - Freely Triggered, Berdo Pand & Jackie O' Motherfucker, Lee Asenath, LMC Festival of Experimental Music, La Cirque Desolation, University of the Arts Clear Spot Sessions, Sounds that the Mouth makes and more.

New season starts on 2 January 2007. Happy New Year to all our listeners and supporters. New podcasts weekly, including Heating Yard, Epitaxis Time, Midnight Sex Talk, Harmon e. Phralayot, Marvin Suicide and more.

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1994-1995 48, 49



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dow press: www.lmc-uk.org

Symptoms Before Christmas

[illegible]

Figure 4-4-10

Digital art festival in the south of England shows big data, animating print, virtual sculpture, interactive, illustrative animation, abstract, audio and computer based music. Southampton venue: 10 December. www.digitalsouth.co.uk

International Festivals

343

Experimental music and video featured in a small venue in the foot of the Acropolis: Phil Nidelsch, WTSC: Be's Drive 2: Emma Fort, Testimony and For a Place 8/7/94: plus 3, 33 Video/Poetry/Performance/Testing 2/3/7: specially made for the Festival's African Small House. Theatre: 1-6 December, 1994/1995: pass/435 day: www.arts.org/1994/13/13.htm

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Andrew Prodan, Andrew Wheeler & Se-Lan Cheung, Giles Thomas & Patrick Wickersham of Niblock team off with a six-hour performance of music and film/vid. New Park, 334 Centre Street Loft, 10-21 Dec (see www.niblock.com)

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Epiphanies

Barry Miles has a first hand insight into The Beatles' group mind and the power of experimental pop music to create a revolution

In the summer of 1965, I heard "How High The Moon" by Les Paul & Mary Ford on the radio. I didn't know the title or artist, but my aunt took me to the local Gump's - records were mostly sold through electronic goods shops back then - to buy and find it. When I went the record sounded like, I suppose, I told the assistant that it was like rainbow bubbles floating over a sea in the sunlight. It was just eight years old. The record turned me on to music.

All through art school and my early days living in a communal flat in Notting Hill I sat around with friends listening to jazz, cocktails of poems from Ezra Pound, burlesque from Eric Dolphy, or sculpture by John Coltrane, honks and squeaks by Albert Ayler. When a new release entered the pad we would sit in the living room, smoke something to open our ears, and play it at least three times before anyone would dare venture an opinion. Although I had a strong idea of how to listen like Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and Little Richard, 60s pop music passed me by until the summer of 1965, when I met The Beatles.

That year I co-founded Indie Books and Gallery. One of my partners, Peter Asher, still lived at his parents' home, as did his sister Jane and her boyfriend Paul McCartney. The Asher house had on Wimpey Street was only five minutes' walk from where I lived and I used the Ashers' basement to assemble the stock for the bookshop while we looked for partners. I got to know Paul McCartney pretty well, we went to concerts and plays together as well as nightclubs. That October he invited me to a Beatles recording session, the first of many.

The first writing outside Abbey Road did not come as a surprise, there were always a dozen or so outside the Asher house. It was the context that was so extraordinary. Outside was the trappings of a new youth club thriving on its own terms, inside Studio Two represented local musical professionalism.

These days people are familiar with recording studios from films and films, but then it was unknown territory. Abbey Road had a mixture of the BBC and Flaubert Gardner, now in brown lab coats holding clipboards peered at enormous desks. The

equipment was huge and, though I didn't know it then, obsolete. EMI built their own equipment and it was designed to last: enormous arm-circled VU meters and double-side pen-grips to position the stereo linkage, all looking as if it came from the bridge of a battleship. To listen to a playback was a complex business. A tape up would have to supply dozens of pitch cords and repetition there: like in a primitive telephone exchange.

They were recording a new McCartney song, "The Looking Through You", which eventually appeared on Rubber Soul. He and Jane had been having some difficulties because she had chosen to play a session with the Bristol Old Vic theatre company instead of staying in town with him. This song was the result of their ingenuities. The session began with a heated argument with George Martin to discuss the arrangement. Paul wanted to have a pretty good idea how the song should go but as I saw from later sessions, The Beatles operated as a democracy and each Beatle had his say about the treatment of a song and what contribution he could bring to it. The first thing that astonished me was that they didn't just set up and play as if they were at a theatre: they used the studio like an instrument, treating each song separately with an arrangement to suit its musical needs, to enter a strong guitar, sound effects. For "The Looking Through You" the arrangement was Wings on handclaps and mimeses, George Martin on organ. Paul playing a closely miked acoustic guitar and George Harrison on electric. It took some time to get the session the engineers needed and to decide on the arrangement, who came in when.

The role of the engineer was of importance to the sound, achieving a clarity and separation that I quickly realised were only possible in a multitrack studio, albeit a four track one. To an outsider like me it all seemed chaotic with people playing and talking over each other. Then there was a tape stream and they began to play perfectly in tune, smoothly as well as with each other.

They were consummate players. The hundreds of hours in Hamburg and at the Cavern meant they knew intuitively what each was about to do the group mind. They stopped before he did but already

the song seemed to rise to be almost there. They explained some of the technical details to me, for instance, they had the vocal microphone set slightly higher than they had to scratch their heads to sing instead of looking down and concentrating their air passages. There were so many ways this song could have been treated, but they knew almost at once how to approach it and by the end of the session had what sounded to me like a perfect take, mixed only by an over-enthusiastic electric solo by George which could have been overabundant since they had transformed a few notes on the back of a shirt pocket into a work of art. (In fact they were not satisfied and rerecorded the song from scratch a few days later.)

It really was a revelation to me. I went out and brought records by The Beatles and Dylan, and the Beatles' acts that McCartney told me about. From then on I shared my friends with endless discussions about the emergence of a new art form: how pop music - as it was then called - was the vehicle for musical experimentation, about the possibilities of the studio as an instrument and how The Beatles were leading a musical revolution. Friends accepted my enthusiasm with amused tolerance, but The Beatles themselves were more receptive, and I had long talks with McCartney about the subject. We hired a lot in John Gray, Luciano Berio, Stockhausen, Albert Ayler, as well as The Beach Boys, RBG and as IBM 3600 computer singing "Twenty Day" his attitude to music conveyed me that pop was the future. In a conversation I recorded in 1968, McCartney said "With any kind of thing, my aim seems to be to distort it. Distort it from what we know it is, even with music, with visual things. But the aim is to change it from what it is to see what it could be. To see the potential in it all. This point is to make a note and work the note and are in that note what else there is in it that is simple and like capturing it in a camera. To me this was pop music: taking your scene Ayler, Dolphy and Coltrane left off. It was the rainbow bubbles over again, it was a revelation. [London indie gallery, run by Mike between 1968-69] is celebrated in the exhibition *Reflexes: A Revolution in London*, which runs until 26 February 2007 at Reflexes: www.reflexes.org



At it up: Miles (right) with Paul McCartney and George Harrison, 1966

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